THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIV.—No. 1225]
JUNE 8, 1927
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The BYSTANDER

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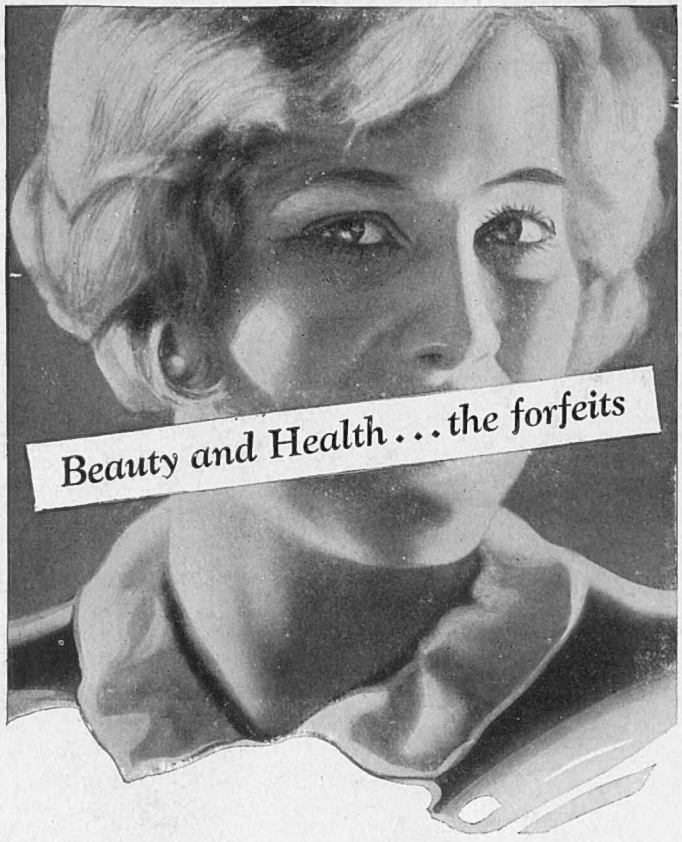

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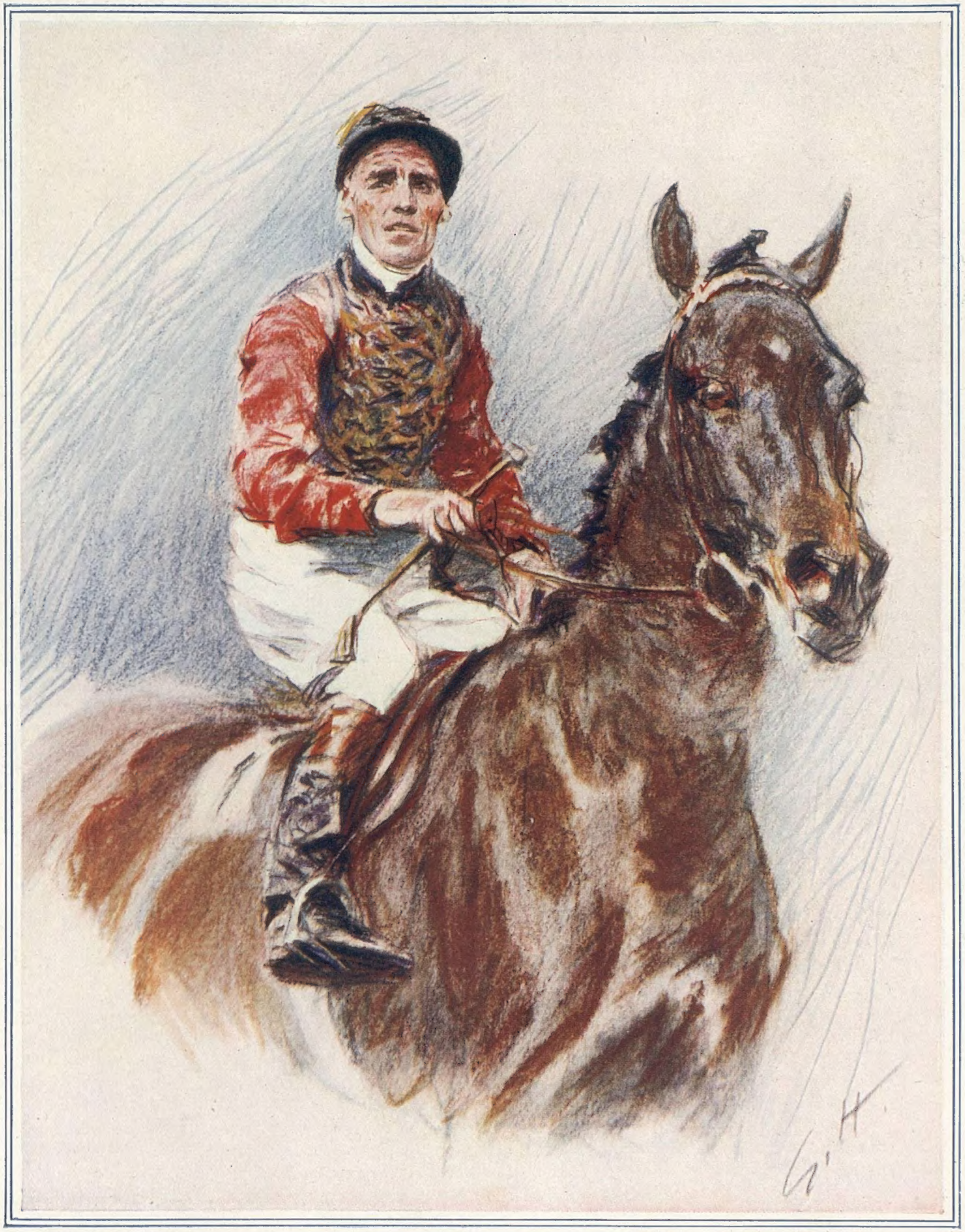
The BYSTANDER



Specially Painted for "The Bystander" by Gilbert Holiday

FAMOUS JOCKEYS—No. 3—JOE CHILDS

Joe Childs, here shown in the King's colours, is proud of the distinction of being His Majesty's first jockey. This famous horseman has ridden many winners in recent seasons for the Beckhampton stables, including Coronach

BY BATCHELOR

A PRETTY PENNY

This is the penny for my thoughts,
Where shore with ocean mingles ;
Britannia her blue waves may rule,
But Eve, in "coign" of vantage cool,
Prefers to rule the shingles.

A. A. T

N.P.A

A WELCOME AT THE RACES

The Duke and Duchess of York receiving an enthusiastic welcome from the crowd on Flemington Race-course during their visit to Melbourne. The return portion of their tour is now well advanced

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Derby

THE great event of the Derby this year—outside the winner and the huge amount of money in the Calcutta Sweepstake—was the new grand-stand. Those folk who always sit up and croak said it would never be ready for the meeting, but great labour night and day proved them in the wrong, and there it was for last Wednesday's historic meeting, all spick and span, and with a wide, new road at the back of it, the front naturally being towards the course.

Early in the week your Bystander had a peep at the Royal rooms in the new grand-stand. They face the winning-post. There is a drawing-room, a dining-room, a room for the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, dressing-rooms, and a kitchen. The walls of the drawing-room and dining-room are of exquisite blue, and all the woodwork is pearly grey, a delightfully cool and effective combination.

One has always accepted the accommodation at the Derby as a matter not to be questioned. It is only now, after enjoying the comfort and the benefit of the new grand-stand, that one realises the limitations of the old one. The Bystander's congratulations to the powers that have made the change.

This, I think, will interest you just as much as it did me. Speaking of the Derby and the vast crowd that it brings every year to the Downs—a bigger crowd every year it seems to me—a foreign diplomat said, "If the heads of the Soviet Government in Russia saw this huge concourse for a race-meeting they would realise how little chance they have of making a revolution in England. Soviet Russia knows nothing of Derbys, Grand Nationals, and great cricket and football matches. All these are only run by capital, and they have become what one may call your national monuments. The Soviet aspires to sweep away all capital. Any Government in England that swept away the Derby and the national sports—and a Socialist or Soviet Government would be forced to do so, because it would have seized all the capital—wouldn't last a

L.N.A.

AT THE BALL

The Prince of Wales with Capt. Lindbergh photographed in the Royal Box during the Derby Eve Ball at the Albert Hall, which was held in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. The ball was Captain Lindbergh's last engagement in an extremely busy day

Topical

ON THE CLYDE

Princess Mary with Lord Aberconway during her recent visit to Clydebank. She launched the new Australian cruiser "Canberra" from Messrs. John Brown and Co.'s yard

week. If we could know the truth, I expect we should find that some of the Soviet money poured into this country for propaganda has been used to 'put a bit on' for the Derby."

Derby Day Night

IN giving the Derby dinner to the Jockey Club at Buckingham Palace the King follows a custom created by George IV and continued throughout his reign and that of his brother, William IV. Racing was not one of Queen Victoria's interests. Ascot was the only race-meeting she ever attended, and that was simply because it was an old-established Court custom begun in the reign of Queen Anne. The Prince Consort, too, was so little interested in racing that there was never any question of his being delegate for the Queen at a Derby Day dinner. His idea and Queen Victoria's of the Derby—likewise that of thousands in Victorian times—was expressed in Frith's famous picture "The Derby Day," which someone at the time described as "Fashionables, rakes, robbery, and rabble."

A V.C.'S WEDDING *L.N.A.*

Captain Alfred Carpenter, V.C., R.N., photographed with his bride, formerly Mrs. Hilda Margaret Alison Johnson, outside Chelsea Register Office, after their recent marriage. Captain Carpenter won his V.C. at Zeebrugge on the memorable St. George's Day

In the early 'eighties of the last century King Edward as Prince of Wales revived the Derby Dinner to the Jockey Club at Marlborough House, and, except for the year of his death and during the years of the War, it has been given annually ever since.

Following the usual custom the Queen dined at Derby House with the Countess of Derby, the King and the majority of his guests going on there after the all-men dinner at Buckingham Palace.

Beautiful Gardens

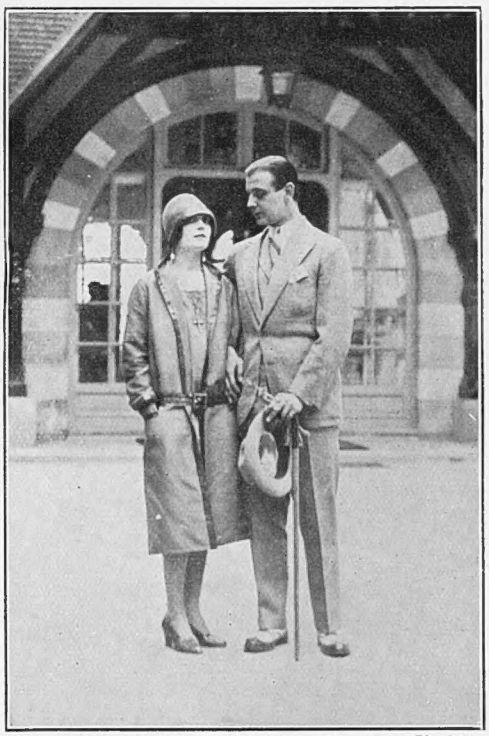
THE days and nights are already so crowded with engagements that Whitsuntide came as a pleasant relief, and there has been a general stampede out of London for the holiday. Some friends of your Bystander hit upon a very pleasant and interesting plan. They motored through the southern counties, visiting the gardens which have been thrown open for the benefit of the Queen Alexandra

Dennis Moss

POLO AT CHELTENHAM

Lord Cromwell and Mrs. David Mitchell photographed at the Cheltenham Polo Club's Annual Spring Tournament. Lord Cromwell was playing for the Chesterton House team

Memorial Fund. They "did" the gardens by groups, staying in a fairly central place. Thus from Tunbridge Wells they did Bayham Abbey, the Marquess Camden's



Charles

A DEAUVILLE HONEYMOON

The Prince and Princess Serge Mdivani photographed at the Normandy Hotel at Deauville during their honeymoon. The Princess, who as Pola Negri is famous all over the world, has announced her intention of retiring from the films in a year or two

Dennis Moss

WATCHING THE PLAY

Lady Cromwell and Miss Vestey watching a chukker in the Cheltenham Polo Club's Annual Spring Tournament. Lady Cromwell is the daughter of Major Frederick Cripps, of Cirencester

place at Lamberhurst. Then Knowle, Lord Sackville's stately home at Sevenoaks, with Colonel Rogers's marvellous garden on River Hill, near by. The first rhododendrons brought to England were planted in Colonel Rogers's garden, in a disused chalk pit. They now reach as high as the top of the pit, and make a show which is unrivalled in this country. Colonel Rogers's garden has the further interest to gardenlovers that the stone terrace with sunk rosebeds in front of the house was designed by W. Robinson, who revolutionised British gardening by his campaign against the old-fashioned "bedding out," and the creation of the herbaceous border as we know it to-day.

From Sevenoaks they went to Ightham Mote, that perfect specimen of a mediæval moated manor house which is so carefully preserved by Sir Thomas Colyer-Fergusson; then on to Fairlawne, Mr. Cazelet's house near Tonbridge, famous for its breed of cattle and its royal hospitalities. And from there to Penshurst Place, with its beautiful gardens all shut in by high clipped yew hedges.

Another day they went to Brickwall, Major Frewen's old black and white house at Northiam; Buckhurst Park, which belongs to Earl de la Warr, but has been rented for many years by Mr. R. Benson; and to Hurstmonceux Castle, which Colonel Claude Lowther has restored out of all knowledge. It is amazing what he has done with what was absolutely a ruin.

This throwing open of gardens practically all over the country—many of which are never seen by the public—was the happiest idea. The charges vary from a shilling to half a crown, and by the end of June—for which period the gardens are all open—a goodly sum should have been made for the Queen Alexandra Memorial. Many hundreds of people will be attracted to Sandringham, which the King has graciously thrown open.

The Royal Yacht Squadron

THERE seems every possibility that Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley will succeed the late Duke of Leeds as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, but the question is who will succeed Sir Richard as Vice-Commodore? During the War Sir Richard was at the Royal Naval Depot at the Crystal Palace, and was the first Commodore to be appointed in the Royal Naval Reserve—the voluntary detachment. He married, in 1885, a daughter of the 5th Earl of Hardwicke, Lady Magdalen Yorke, whose sister, Feodorowna Lady Alington, was so well known as Lady Feo Sturt. It was this Lady Alington who had a "white" farm at Crichel. Everything on it was white—birds and beasts—and the labourers and dairymaids all wore white smocks.

Length of Days

LONGEVITY seems to run in some families like the shape of a chin or a nose. Lord Brougham, who has died recently at the age of ninety-one, is a case in point. The barony was created in 1830, and since then there have only been three Lords Brougham and Vaux. The first peer was the famous Henry Brougham, who defended Queen Caroline in the divorce proceedings brought against her by George IV, and was afterwards Lord Chancellor. He lived to be ninety. His brother, who succeeded him, reached the age of ninety-one, and now that brother's son has reached the same age.

The first Lord Brougham was the discoverer of Cannes, and was the first English person to build a house there, the Château Eleonore, which he named after his mother, and in which his two successors generally spent the winter. It was entirely owing to Lord Chancellor Brougham that Cannes became a favourite resort of wealthy English folk long before other places on the Riviera were heard of. He likewise invented the closed carriage which is still called by his name—the brougham.

The late Lord Brougham lost his wife last year after forty-three years of marriage. She was the widow of Sir Richard Musgrave, of Eden Hall, in Cumberland, whose "Luck" is now to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Central News*

Mr. A. V. C. Douglas, Scots Guards, and his bride, Miss Cicely de Bunsen, photographed leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. Mr. Douglas is the only son of Brigadier-General Douglas Campbell Douglas, and the bride is the second daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady de Bunsen

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S *G.P.U.*

Mr. Greville Worthington and his bride, Lady Diana Duncombe, the only daughter of the late Earl of Feversham and of Lady Marjorie Beckett, photographed after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Worthington is the eldest son of Mr. and Lady Muriel Worthington

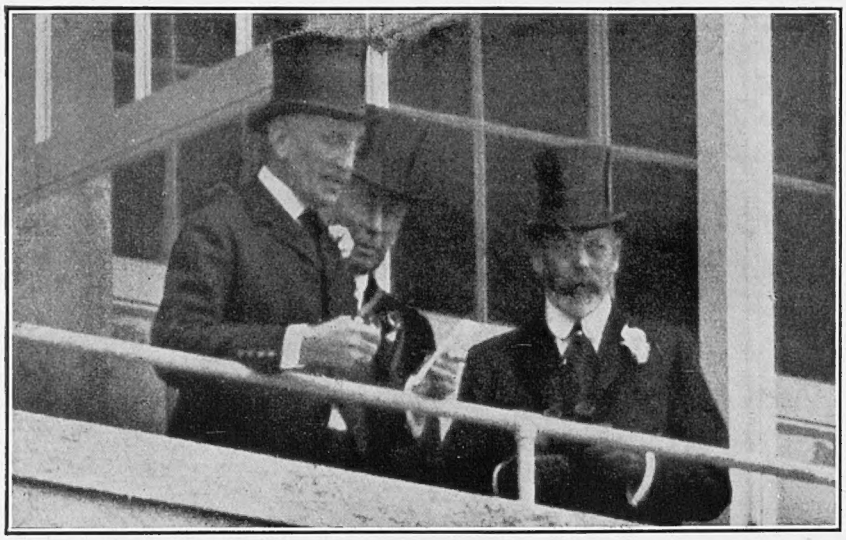
A Great Lady

YOUR Bystander has come to the conclusion that the majority of old women are more interesting than the majority of old men. A man when he gets old and has to spend the greater part of his life within doors in nine cases out of ten—at least that is my experience—becomes entirely self-absorbed, bitterly critical of everything modern, especially the Government of the day, and practically lives in his memories of the past. I know one old gentleman of over eighty who is quite convinced that radiators and hot-water pipes in schools will bring about the physical deterioration of the race. "Breaking the ice in my water-jug, and chilblains when I was at school, made a man of me!" he declares, when launched on his pet subject. "The young people are all far too molly-coddled and comfortable in these times."

Old ladies, I find, are not absorbed by the past! They have the memories of the old days, but, with rare exceptions, they are keenly interested in the life of to-day. The combination of old memories and of modern interests make them fascinating companions, delightful people to go and sit with for an hour. You feel you are taking to them something of the modern world, and in return they give you memories and stories of the world that has passed away.

These reflections came into my mind when I saw the notice of the death of Isabelle Marchioness of Sligo. She was, indeed, *grande dame de par le monde*. She belonged to an order which has practically

Horses! Horses! Horses!—And a



Central News

IN THE ROYAL BOX

His Majesty with Major Fetherstonhaugh in the Royal Box at Epsom

ROYALTY ARRIVES *Photopress*

The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry arriving at Epsom on Derby Day. They were accorded a great reception by the assembled crowds

Sport and General

IN THE PADDOCK

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles photographed in the paddock. Royalty was present at Epsom in force to witness the Derby

Sport and General

BEFORE THE RACE

Lady Blandford and the Hon. Roland Cubitt in the paddock at Epsom. An inspection of the Derby runners is the order of the Derby Day

Photopress

DOING THE DERBY

Captain Lindbergh, the Atlantic flight hero, walking down the course. He is seen with the veteran sporting peer, Lord Lonsdale

departed. Birth, marriage, her whole life, bound her to the ancient aristocracy. But although in her later years she was so infirm—the result of an accident—that she rarely left her house, her interest in the present, and one may say, too, her belief in the future, were keener and more vivid than those of half the young women of one's acquaintance.

Isabelle Lady Sligo and her two sisters, Lady Arthur Russell and Mlle. Madeleine de Peyronnet, were a trio of remarkable women. Daughters of a witty father, the Vicomte de Peyronnet, each was a very witty woman, but I always thought Lady Sligo had the kindest heart of the three. I have always remembered an instance recounted to me of the kindliness with which on occasion she could use her wit. So many women use their wit unkindly. The occasion was a dinner-party at which Sir William Harcourt and Lord Lionel Cecil, a step-brother of the late Marquess of Salisbury, were present. Lord Lionel had just taken up farming, and Sir William Harcourt, who could be bitterly cruel on occasion, was "baiting" the young man by asking him all sorts of technical questions, obviously delighting in exposing his ignorance. Lord Lionel grew more and more unhappy and confused.

"Sir William," said Lady Sligo to the man who saddled us with the death duties, "if you ask any more questions about sheep-shearing we shall begin to think your wits have gone wool-gathering."

It is close on fifty years ago since Isabelle Lady Sligo married the third Marquess, the uncle of the present Lord Sligo, as his third wife. Her husband was succeeded by two of his brothers. The son of the second brother, the present Lord Sligo, was one of our leading amateur actors as Earl of Altamont, and was a member of the Windsor Strollers. His eldest daughter, Lady Eileen Browne, inherited her father's dramatic talent, but since she became Countess Stanhope she has not made an appearance on the amateur stage.

Few Hundred Thousand Spectators

"CALL BOY WINS!" *Topical*

Call Boy and Hot Night finishing first and second in the Derby, the rest of the field being a long way in the rear. Call Boy, ridden by Elliott, justified the optimism of his supporters and had matters all his own way

Music Once More

Music is gradually creeping back to the place as an after-dinner entertainment and pleasure from which it has been conspicuously absent in recent years. At the dinner-party given by Princess Beatrice at Kensington Palace last week Mr. Dettmar Dressel played the violin and Mr. Eric Marshall sang for the greater part of the evening. Princess Helena Victoria was one of Princess Beatrice's guests, and she went on the following afternoon to Mrs. Leonard's house in Portland Place for the third concert given by the Dettmar Dressel Trio Circle. These concerts prove beyond question that there are many music-lovers who welcome the idea of listening for an hour to beautiful chamber music.

Pathé Pictures

THE RECORD BREAKER

Call Boy (C. Elliott up) being led in after the race. Starting at 4 to 1, he won in the record time of 2 minutes 34 2-5 seconds

Princess Beatrice, an accomplished musician herself, and her guests, who included the Brazilian Ambassador, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, Prince and Princess Eugène de Ligne, the Earl and Countess Spencer, were most appreciative of the programme of Mr. Dressel and Mr. Marshall.

Alfieri

A THOUGHTFUL MOMENT

Lady Bradford and the Hon. Robert Digby. The question of What Will Win appears to be giving them considerable thought

Alfieri

ACCOUTRED PROPER

The Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson arrives armed for the fray

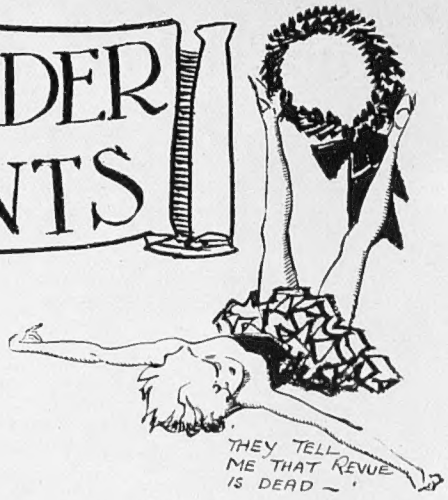
Quick Pictures

A LAST LOOK ROUND

The Marquess of Londonderry and the Countess of Carlisle having a final stroll in the paddock before the great race

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE -

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



THEY TELL ME THAT REVUE IS DEAD -'

What is Revue?

THEY tell me that Revue is dead and that Variety is coming into its own once more. They seem to attach some special significance to this statement, the reason for which, I must confess, eludes me. For, after all, what is revue but variety, and what is variety but revue?

'AND THAT VARIETY IS COMING BACK INTO ITS OWN ONCE MORE -

THE FORMER IS ROBUSTIOUS WHERE THE LATTER IS REFINED -'

WHEN GAMPS AND GINGHAM UNDIES WERE ALL THE GO -

A Matter of Labels

IT is just a matter of labels. An American *impresario* engages Miss José Collins, Miss Maisie Gay, and Mr. Maurice Chevalier to appear on the same stage during the same evening in what he is pleased to call a revue. If those three artists had been engaged by Sir Oswald Stoll to appear at the Coliseum the entertainment might not have differed so vastly, yet how different it might have seemed.

A Show by Any Name

VARIETY is apparently supposed to be "coming into its own again" because the Palladium is 'verting to its old love. There was a talk of a big revue going to the Palladium, but negotiations fell through at the last moment. Mr. Gulliver, it would seem, is a believer in labels. He is not one of those who think that a show by any name would be a treat.

Terribly Refined

YET there is this difference between variety and revue. The former is robustious where the latter is refined. Terribly refined, some of our later and less successful revues have seemed to me. They made you sigh for the hearty fun of the 'nineties, when gamps and gingham undies were all the go. I might be afraid to make this comparison were it not that our greatest critic agrees with me in my curious taste. For there is no one so low-brow—in fact, as is your professional high-brow—in theory.

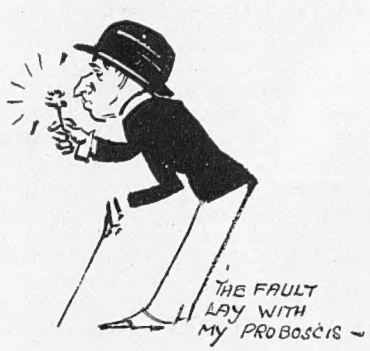
The Social Bug

THIS darned gentility will be the ruin of the stage before we have done with it. One by one, our leading players are being bitten by the social bug, until all the world's a deadhead, and soon there will be no one left to buy a box or a stall. You can't very well dine with Lord and Lady Luvaduck for nothing and expect them to pay for their seats across the counter like any ordinary customer. At least, I couldn't. And now that Society is stunting at the professional garden party the situation becomes more involved than ever.

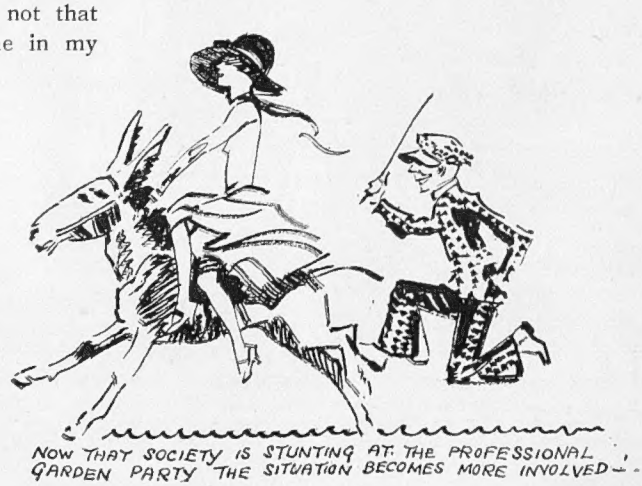
The Scent of Musk

SOMEONE has been complaining that musk has lost its scent. So far as I am concerned, it never had any, but I have always understood that the fault lay with my proboscis rather than with the plant. Can it be that I have been doing my nose an injustice all these years? I was always told that the scent of musk was the most delicate in the world—much too delicate to be appreciated by ordinary mortals, which reminds me: there was once a young actress who was noted for her great restraint, the only trouble being that she had nothing to restrain!

'THROUGH THE RAILINGS OF ST PAULS -



'THE FAULT LAY WITH MY PROBOSCIS -



NOW THAT SOCIETY IS STUNTING AT THE PROFESSIONAL GARDEN PARTY THE SITUATION BECOMES MORE INVOLVED -'

Sympathetic Interest

I AM following the career of the young Cambridge cricketer Mr. E. T. Killick with a good deal of sympathetic interest. During last summer, when I should have been at Lord's or the Oval, I used to creep out to Baron's Court, and through the railings of St. Paul's see this young Pauline score what seemed to me an endless succession of crisp and attractive centuries. Leaving school Mr. Killick passed on to Cambridge with his honours thick upon him, but somehow the atmosphere of Fenner's seems to have had an enervating effect upon his genius to date.

The Shots in His Bag

IT is very right and very proper that a newcomer in any sphere of life should be judged by the standards of his new circle, and so it is possible that Mr. Killick may have to wait for recognition at the hands of his captain—in spite of that jolly knock for Middlesex against the bowling of his own Varsity. But I would bid him be of good heart, for I have not spent happy hours outside the railings of St. Paul's for nothing. I know the shots he has in his bag, and, in the words of the classics, "You can't keep a good man down."

20,000 Idiots

I WAS one of the hundred thousand hero-worshippers who flocked to Croydon to welcome Charles Lindbergh, but I was not, thank goodness, one of the twenty thousand idiots who tried to turn his triumph into a tragedy. That sheep-like stampede across the aerodrome was one of the silliest things I have ever witnessed, and proved the futility of humanity in the mass.

Through a Hole in the Hedge

I AM not preaching complacently from a front seat in the grand-stand. I was just an ordinary man in the road who crawled through just an ordinary hole in just an ordinary hedge. I bought a programme (which told me nothing I didn't know), a stick of chocolate (which I didn't eat), and a penny tip for the Derby (which didn't win). But, I repeat, I was *not* one of the poor fish who joined in that comic rush which so nearly ended in disaster.

The Seal of Success

ON the night when the King and Queen set the final seal of success upon *The Blue Train* I happened to be sitting in an opposite box, and I could not help feeling a little sorry for Royalty who cannot indulge in the ordinary outdoor pleasures of their subjects. Most of the playgoers present had been down a bob-run, had their comic quarrels with skate and ski, or had visited the Wetterhorn *châlet*, but I imagined that this was Their Majesties' first introduction to the joys of "winter sportings."

Because You Are a King

AND when the Blue Train carried the company to the golden Côte d'Azur, it seemed to me a little pathetic that, because you are a King, you cannot enjoy a flutter at the tables or golf at Mont Agel. These are great sacrifices, and I am not sure that the purple panoply of kingship is sufficient compensation for their loss.

"The Old Order Changeth"

HISTORIC private houses in London are becoming as rare as the Great Auk. One by one they have passed into new hands, for with super tax, increased cost of living and reduced incomes, their owners have had no option but to exchange bricks and mortar for hard cash. The house-breaker gets to work on many of them, and some months later a block of offices or shops rises up to mark the grandeur that was Home. Happily for our peace of mind, however, not all the stately homes of England suffer in this way when they change hands—in fact, some are not only saved from the indignities of the man with the pick, but actually benefit from the change.

"ALL CLEAR, SIR!" By David Wilson

A Case in Point

SPENCER HOUSE, the former London home of the Earls Spencer in St. James's Place, is a case in point. Although it has been modernised to a certain extent to meet the requirements of the Ladies' Army and Navy Club by which it is now occupied, all the old features of the house have been carefully preserved. Thus here is an historic house which, whilst possessing what is known to estate agents as "every modern convenience," no jarring or incongruous note has been allowed to spoil the old-world atmosphere. With its large, beautifully decorated rooms and its quiet green garden overlooking the Green Park, the Ladies' Army and Navy Club is not only an establishment in charm equal to any in town, but a real tribute to the artistic taste of the adaptors thereof.

ROYAL ASCOT IN COLOUR

Readers will no doubt be interested to learn that in the next issue of "The Bystander," June 15, will appear something quite novel in weekly journalism. In the centre of the issue is to be published a "pull-out" *four page panorama* of the scene at Ascot *in full colour*. This picture, which has been specially painted for "The Bystander" by Howard Elcock, is a particularly striking one, and will be beautifully reproduced on fine art paper

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Call Boy's Derby

It was pleasant to be able once more to have spotted the winner of the Derby in these notes. Call Boy was my winter selection for the race, and my resolution to stick to him till the end was handsomely justified. In some senses, perhaps, the Derby was an unsatisfactory race. For example, it cannot be said that we saw anything like the best of Sickle at Epsom. Although everybody connected with the Stanley House stable made light of the trouble which Sickle had experienced in the preceding week, it is quite certain that he was feeling its effects in the race. Another dire disappointment was Adam's Apple. It is impossible to reconcile his form in the Derby with that which he had displayed in the Guineas. Hot Night put up a superb effort, and if the distance had been a mile and a quarter he might just have won. However, one cannot be at all confident on this point, because as soon as Call Boy was called upon by his jockey for a real effort he quickly asserted his superiority over Sir Victor Sassoon's colt.

A Popular Winner

I do not think the race could have had a more popular result. Call Boy had been the best-backed competitor all through the ante-post betting, and although his favouritism was threatened at one time on the day of the race by Hot Night, the winner wound up the stronger order. Most of us had expected the Derby to yield a tremendous struggle. It was surprising, therefore, to find Call Boy prevailing at the end with comparative comfort, and also to see such a tremendous gap between the second and third. Among colts who are likely to distinguish themselves later in their career, commend me to Shian Mor. He is not at all an ideal sort for the Epsom track, and it is quite possible that he will be seen to much greater advantage in the St. Leger. Anyway, I am convinced that he will make a high-class four-year-old.

The Winner's Owner

At Epsom we rejoiced to see that Mr. Frank Curzon, in spite of his frail state of health, was well enough to lead Call Boy into the unsaddling enclosure. It was a great strain on the emotions of the winning owner, but when he motored back to town in less than half an hour after the race he appeared to be little the worse for the excitement. Call Boy has two or three engagements at Ascot and appears to be such a cut-and-come-again customer that he is likely to be brought out there. Charles Elliott rode him to perfection in the Derby, and one must also accord a word of congratulation to Jack Watts, who has trained him with splendid judgment. The big event of the current week's racing will be the Manchester Cup on Friday. This looks to be a reasonably good thing for **Pantera** on his running at Chester.

The Woodcote Winner

I am afraid the field for the Woodcote Stakes fell appreciably below the quality of the competitors we have seen in this race in many other seasons. At the same time I regard the winner, Sir Abe Bailey's colt by Son-in-Law out of Rose Willow, as an uncommonly promising youngster. Although he did not score by a big margin, it was obvious that his jockey never experienced a moment's uneasiness. Jack Leach won by just as far as he wished to do. The colt is trained by Harry Cottrill, who has a couple of other smart two-year-olds belonging to Sir Abe Bailey under his care, namely, the La Gorgue colt and The Andes. It is not often we see such an open betting race as was the Woodcote Stakes, in which the starting price of three of the competitors was 4 to 1, while two others were returned at 9 to 2. My own modest investment was, happily, made on the Rose Willow colt. In the first place this handsome youngster appeared to stand out from the others in the paddock; secondly, he was running here instead of The Andes, and did not look to have very much to do.

By "The Tout"

THE DERBY WINNER'S OWNER AND JOCKEY

In winning the Derby with Call Boy Mr. Frank Curzon has succeeded in gratifying his greatest racing ambition. It was Elliott's first winning ride in the race. Seldom off the mark, "Carbine" predicted that Call Boy would win

Ascot Prospects

Before the next issue of The Bystander reaches its readers a start will have been made with the Ascot Meeting. Each programme contains a galaxy of delightful events, though Gold Cup Day has come to be accepted as representing the cream of the meeting. This time we look like having an interesting international struggle for the coveted trophy. At the time of writing there is considerable doubt as to whether the French colt Beribi will be sent to compete for the Gold Cup. Racing people on the other side of the Channel anticipated at one time that this horse would take the trophy to France, but he has been lamentably thrown back by the accident he sustained in the Prix du Cadran a month ago.

The King's Colt

Among the attractions of the opening day at Ascot will be the Coventry Plate, in which I expect to see some smart newcomers among the two-year-olds. It is probable that the King's colt Savonarola will make his first public appearance here. I saw him at Newmarket recently, and he appeared to me to possess all the makings of a good horse. We are sure to have an interesting race on Tuesday for the Gold Vase. The Ascot Stakes will afford its customary interesting test of stamina, and in the St. James's Palace Stakes some of the classic colts will be fighting their battles over again.

£200 DERBY AND OAKS "DOUBLE"

The result of this competition will be announced in our next issue—June 15

The Galloping Game as Seen by the Camera

The 17th/21st Lancers won the Whitney Cup at Roehampton again this year, beating Colonel Vernon Willey's Scopwick team by 5 goals to 3½, after conceding their opponents 2½ goals start. Above is seen two incidents in the game and also Mrs. Vivian Lockett presenting the cup to her husband Colonel Vivian Lockett who captained the winning team

Photographs

LADY MARY ASHLEY-COOPER and CAPTAIN and MRS. DEANE

Sport and General and Alfieri

MISS GARLAND, MRS. DE PRET and LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS

The La Pampa team won the Buenos Aires Cup at Ranelagh recently, beating the Incas after a closely contested game. The winners who conceded 3½ goals won by 12 goals to 10½

HENCE

A photograph of a slight mix-up during the Eights. Any reader who may have wondered hereby

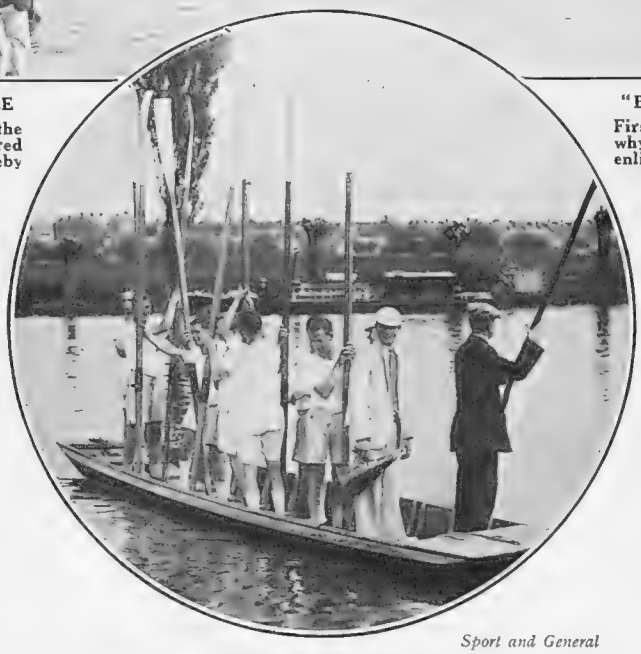
"BUMPS"! *Topical*

First Division races of the Oxford Summer why they were called "bumping" races is enlightened

VARSITY NOTES

OXFORD

My fifth letter is a difficult one, dear Bystanders, for it must tell of Eights Week, and so must attempt to remind you of what our daily contemporaries would describe as a social function. And so many other functions will recently have occurred in London that, so short are your memories, you may with difficulty be able to recall the six days you spent in Oxford. So without more ado I will recall some features of them to you. First, Eights Week was fine except for Friday, the second day, which you probably spent in one of Oxford's many cinemas. On Thursday you had attended the Eights Week Debate at the Union, where kind Mayfair Pryce, the President, had assembled an array of wits. There was Mark Thompson, an ex-secretary, of the high voice; there was Aubrey Herbert, the Treasurer, as dapper and thoughtful as ever; there was John Fernald, the President of the O.U.D.S., imported complete with his boyish humour; and, finally, there were two famous ex-Presidents, Father Ronald Knox and Douglas Woodruff. If among all these great men you were unable to find one who gave you satisfaction you must certainly have been hard to please. In fact, you must have been rather a disagreeable person. The other evenings of the week you probably spent in listening to Jack Hylton and his band at the New Theatre, and in observing how odd those gentlemen looked without make-up amid the embarrassing attentions of the limelight. On Sunday I expect you all took your embroidery up one of the streams and did your bit in the general conversion of Oxford into a home for lost punt poles, and by the end of the day I'm sure you were praying with real fervour for the invention of a gramophone that didn't need winding up.



Sport and General

"ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS"

The Wadham II crew crossing the river during Eights Week. Their progress when racing was a little speedier than it was at this moment

Altogether, I expect you thought the gods had made very fair amends for the curtailed and belated festivity which masqueraded as the Eights Week of last year. But, unless you had a true blue rowing family to live up to, I suspect that the event of the opening days which appealed most keenly to your emotions was the misfortune of bow in the Exeter College boat when he fell overboard, but managed with rare skill to climb back into his position and resume the race. I am also sure that you sympathised with Magdalen in that two of her men were prevented from rowing by poisoned hands, and admired her in that none the less she preserved her station of second until the Saturday. At the head, Christ Church must have felt considerably less comfortable with Brasenose, instead of Magdalen, in its wake; but New College always regarded itself as beyond the reach of those fiery tactics of Exeter which, when you wish to be professional, you will please describe as Fairbairn.

During Eights Week the river bursts its banks and seems to swamp the meadows where other games are played. Nevertheless, a cricket match was actually in process against the Army, and after the first day's play there was no soldier left to face the bowling of Greenstock and McCanlis. But I dare say you wish to be reminded no further of the events of that week, as by comparison with what you have since been doing it may seem to have been a provincial function. Actually, of course, it was nothing of the kind, and you thought it too sad to think of leaving Oxford. Jingo.

G. S. FLETCHER By Mac

The captain of the Oxford University Lawn Tennis Club answering a call to the courts. He has been variously described as "one of the best of the younger set," "a young player of promise," and a "skilful tactician." Wherefore it will be gathered that Mr. Fletcher plays a good game of lawn tennis

CAMBRIDGE

By the time this letter bursts upon an unsuspecting world the May Races will be about to begin, and soon we shall be right in the thick of May Week (so-called, as you learnt in your cradle, because it is held in June and lasts about a fortnight). No doubt we shall see some of you here, dear Bystanders, amid this *mélange* of rowing, dancing, punts and summer dresses, and we shall do our best to provide endless fun for everyone, as they write in toyshop catalogues.

At any rate, in May Week nowadays there is an endless variety of games which sisters and aunts and cousins can be taken to witness. First of all, of course, there are the May Races. And this year you can be certain of excellent racing to watch, especially in the fight for head of the river. The result wise men will not attempt to prophesy, but certainly the racing will be worth watching.

By Mac

A BATSMAN OF NOTE

An impression of F. I. Seabrook, of Cambridge, preparing to smite the opposition hip and thigh. In the match between Cambridge University and the New Zealanders he made the very fine score of 106

A number of visitors will doubtless go to Fenner's before going down to the races, for on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the C.U.C.C. are playing one of their most popular fixtures, the match against the Free Foresters. On the Saturday, when the XI have gone to play Gloucestershire at Bristol, Fenner's will be given over to the C.U.A.C., who have arranged a match against an A.A.A. team representing the rest of England. It should be a fine match. The A.A.A. team is remarkably complete, and contains two world's record holders, Douglas Lowe and Guy Butler, besides a host of equally well-known athletes; but the C.U.A.C. were not heavily beaten last year, and this year's team might easily win the event.

There will also be tennis to watch during May Week, for the C.U.L.T.C. have again arranged a series of matches at Fenner's. Max Woosnam and D. Powell are both bringing down teams to play against the University; on the Saturday of the Races there is to be a match against an All-England team, and on the Monday a match against the International L.T.C. of Great Britain. A full programme, in fact.

There are a few miscellaneous balls during the days of the Races, the Hawks' Club Ball, for instance; but the college balls, of course, take place at the beginning of the next week. The principal balls on Monday are First-and-Third and Jesus; on Tuesday St. John's, Pembroke, and the Hall; while King's comes in a solitary splendour on the Wednesday night. Two of the balls this year are Boat Club Centenary Balls, Jesus, and Trinity Hall; and Jesus are celebrating the occasion by providing two bands for continuous dancing. (Both these Boat Clubs, incidentally, have held centenary dinners during the term, at which elderly gentlemen who rowed in '51 revelled with mere boys of '89, while the infants of '03 and babes of '27 stood by and looked on.)

The John's Ball this year will be notable for two reasons. First, it will probably be graced by a film-star, Lois Moran, who, rumour hath it, has come over from America for the purpose; and, second, the Ball Committee is creating a precedent by engaging an undergraduate band, the Quinquaginta Ramblers.

But those who have heard the "Quinc" agree that the choice is perfectly justified. Thanks to Fred Elizalde, it is probably the best undergraduate band Cambridge has ever had.

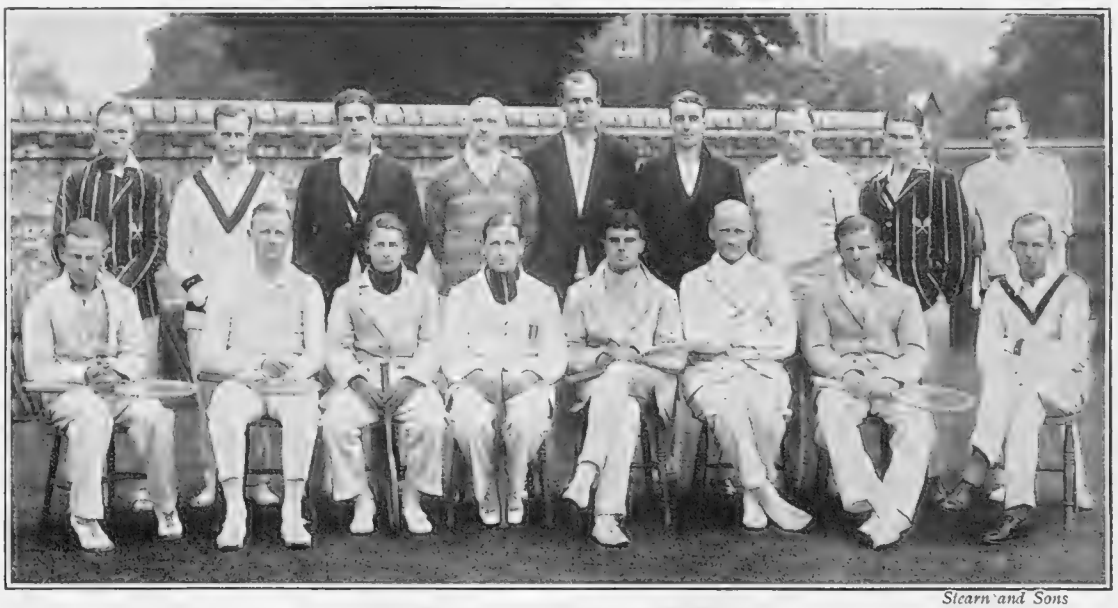
Fred is aged nineteen and the son of an American millionaire, and was making enormous dollars with a band of his own before he decided he wanted to go to a university. He has been a kind of musical prodigy, studied under Stravinsky, played before the King of Spain at a very tender age, and has now produced a university band good enough to play at the Café de Paris and record for the gramophone. He is now composing for a musical comedy to be produced in London in the autumn.

R. A. B.

By Jock

A GENTLEMAN IN WAITING

R. S. Machin waits with commendable patience for anything that may come his way. He has been keeping wicket regularly for the University at Cambridge this year



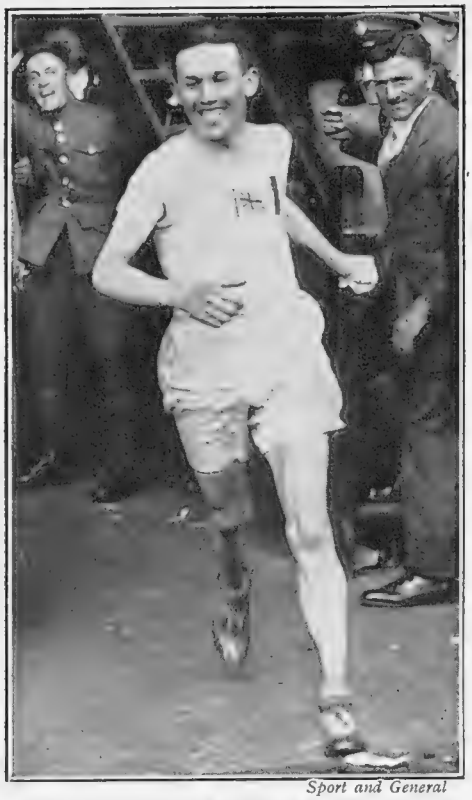
Stearn and Sons

VISITORS AND HOSTS AT CAMBRIDGE

A group of the Cambridge University and Amsterdam teams which met in the recent two-day match at Cambridge, the University winning by 22 rubbers to 2. The photograph shows, standing: N. G. Farquharson (Emmanuel) (left), H. G. Eilers, C. K. Horne (Magdalene), W. C. G. Roldanirs, G. O. M. Jameson (Trinity Hall), J. G. Heldring, B. O. Porter (Trinity Hall) and A. J. Feith. Sitting are: J. K. Whitehead (Trinity), J. Bryan, H. W. Austin (Pembroke), G. Leembruggen (Capt.), W. H. Powell (Caius) (Capt.), M. Van der Feen, R. R. T. Young (Jesus) and G. R. Castendyk

PLAYING THE GAME

By "PENDARVES"



Sport and General

THE FIRST HOME

S. Ferris, of the R.A.F., entering the Stamford Bridge grounds at the end of the Marathon race from Windsor to London for the "Sporting Life" Trophy. His time was 2 hours 40 minutes 32½ seconds and this is his third consecutive victory in this race

Give Them a Chance

THERE are over four million boys and girls attending the elementary schools of this country who have no facilities whatever for playing the game under anything like decent conditions. And yet Bystanders spend £600,000 a year on their golf balls alone, and over £750,000 a year on cartridges for their sporting guns. With these simple facts in mind one is delighted to see the heavy guns being brought to bear on the matter by the Duke of York's million-pound appeal campaign just opened by that excellent body of sportsmen the National Playing Fields Association. His Majesty gives a characteristic lead by granting eight acres of land on the Kingston side of Hampton Court Park to be laid out on scientific lines for the playing of games by the poor. The Prince is enthusiastically behind the movement, too, as we all heard on Derby Night. In fact, every right-thinking person is. There is little doubt the money will be forthcoming, and probably a good deal more. Money could not be better spent, seeing that 200 per 1,000 of the population capable of playing games, and anxious to, are entirely dependent on public grounds, the supply of which is hopelessly inadequate to the need. No man or child can be considered to have had fair play in life until he has had a means of learning fair play on the games field. It is up to you, gentlemen, to give them a chance by backing this movement in any way you can.

Promoters Beware

WRITING without any disrespect to the world's finest feminine exponent of the game, but merely as one who clings desperately to the rope of pure amateurism—which seems to be slipping from the grasp of a number of people—one cannot help feeling gratified that the contemplated Lenglen trip throughout the European cities has had to be abandoned by the promoter. Her manager, Mr. Baldwin (not the P.M., by the way, but another), has given vent to the ominous statement that "*the amateurs* (our italics!) who would have been good drawing cards in such a tour wanted too much money"! It has also been found that the European cities do not possess many courts with sufficient seating capacity to accommodate the crowds which would be necessary to make the venture profitable. In plainer words the get-rich-quick organisers of these exhibitions find themselves faced by the tremendous expense of either building large "centre courts" for their players, and receipts, with the grim possibility of only half-filling them and being considerably down on balance, or abandoning their enterprises. There never was, apparently, a riskier project than staging professional lawn-tennis tourneys: simply because it is a game that loses the greater part of its attraction to the intelligent onlooker the moment the "pukkah" amateur element is withdrawn from it. Thank goodness!

A Curious Final

THIS year's amateur championship at Hoylake fizzled out into as mediocre a final as has probably ever been seen. All the giants of the game having been disposed of, two comparatively unknown players, in Dr. W. Tweddell and D. E. Landale, were left to settle the matter between them. Landale settles the matter convincingly against himself by taking 90 to get round his own home course in the first round of the 36 holes, so that Tweddell is 8 up when they go into lunch. The interesting thing, to my mind, about this Dr. Tweddell is that he is the complete master of imperturbability on a suddenly faced occasion of extreme nervous strain. Opposed by no less a person than Roger Wethered, and about 2,000 spectators, he, so to speak, never moves a muscle the whole way round, and wins, without apparently being in the least concerned—though in all humility he says he was very severely rattled. But I wonder what Wethered thought about it all?

GLOUCESTER AGAIN! By MAC

Our artist's impression of Hammond, the young Gloucester batsman, who recently equalled W. G. Grace's record of scoring 1000 runs in May. His habitual expression of boredom is probably reflected by the bowlers whom he "lifts" to the boundary

1,000 Runs by May 28

HAMMOND, of Gloucestershire, has broken "W. G.'s" record at last. What a feat! And "in the finest innings I have ever seen," as the Hon. L. H. Tennyson, skipper of the opposing side, said of it. The sporting Southampton crowd helped him along the difficult road all the way. They would. He said in the pavilion afterwards that he felt they were "with him" all the time, although their county were the sufferers. That is what is so lovely about the game on an occasion of this sort; the magnificent *spirit* of it seems always to ooze out from all the boundaries towards the batsman or the bowler who is doing the big thing, no matter who he is; "cricket" in fact.

Two Members of the Rising Generation

Miss Compton Collier

Lord Forrester, the heir of the Earl of Verulam, and his brother, the Hon. John Grimston, photographed in the grounds of Gorhambury, their father's seat at St. Albans. Lord Forrester, who is seventeen years old next October, is the eldest of a family of four boys, his brother John being fifteen, and his brothers Brian and Bruce thirteen and twelve respectively

Stage Photo Co.

REVENGE IS SWEET

Mrs. Wislack (Ellis Jeffreys), stung by the Duke's (Ronald Squire) bluntness, attacks him in a vulnerable place. The victory is evidently agreeable to Helen Hayle (Valerie Taylor), the rich young heiress to whom the Duke condescends to propose

Produced April 19, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I THINK we might call this homœopathic drama. To begin with, it is presented at a small theatre by a small cast of talented players limited to four in number, and the story leads up to a situation in which two people of disagreeable temperaments are marooned in the snowbound Highlands, in the pious hope that like may cure like. We begin in the rich Mayfair drawing-room of Miss Helen Hayle, whose father, it is understood, profiteered so valiantly in the pickle trade that he was able to bequeath to his daughter the usual vast wealth that is so easy to acquire in fanciful drama. Miss Hayle and her widowed friend, Mrs. Wislack, have retired to the drawing-room, where they discuss their two men friends whom they have left behind to finish their cigars, and their after-dinner stories.

ONE of the men is no less a person than His Grace the Duke of Bristol, who has a genial habit of telling the plain truth with horrid, spiteful emphasis. Mrs. Wislack cannot stand the fellow at any price. The other man is Mr. Richard Halton, who has been in love with Mrs. Wislack for twenty years. But as he has an annual income of only three hundred pounds, while Mrs. Wislack complacently admits to twenty-five thousand a year, he is naturally

apprehensive that in proposing to the charming widow he might not unreasonably be suspected of mercenary impulses. Both Mr. Halton and his noble friend are in the depressed condition known to the elect as "broke," and both of them trace their financial downfall to—Women. One of these days we shall have a vote-snatching politician bringing in a Bill to put Women on the same destructive level as Drink, and they will have to be shut up indoors between three and five in the afternoon, and after eleven o'clock at night. We must protect our weaker brethren from the snare of the sinful at all costs.

THE Duke (an extremely able study in cynicism by Mr. Ronald Squire), having squandered his patrimony in riotous living, looks to Helen Hayle as a likely balm for his broken fortunes. After all, any girl would snap at the chance of becoming Duchess of Bristol, and Helen's vast wealth more than compensates for her pickled ancestry. The Duke's principal drawback is that he is loved the least by those who know him best. When Mrs. Wislack gives her age as thirty-nine (which is one over the usual eight) he says he knows for a fact that she is forty-one; and when he bluntly refers to her as "the old woman" she is compelled hurriedly to withdraw in order to conceal her tears. But Helen, who has not so far seen much of the Duke, thinks him rather sweet, and she calls him George in pleasant anticipation of future relationship.

CONTRASTED with the Duke, Mr. Halton is quite kind and sympathetic. When Mrs. Wislack is driven tearfully from the room, it is he who follows her, and tries to cheer her up with a smoking-room story or so. When finally Mr. Halton, egged on by the Duke, has decided to make his stammering proposal of marriage, Mrs. Wislack helps him out generously. She practically makes the proposal herself; but she cannot help remembering that her first marriage was a very unhappy business. According to her, she had for eighteen years to put up with an absolutely intolerable husband; but according to her dearest friends (and we all know how spiteful *they* can be), the late Mr. Wislack was a long-suffering saint who was driven by his wife's callous and sustained selfishness to the meretricious consolation of excessive drinking, as the result of which he was called away prematurely to join the angel choir.

BUT Mrs. Wislack, influenced only by her own point of view, is not taking any chances with her second match. She has a nice place in the wilds of Scotland, and she proposes that she and Mr. Halton shall go there and live together as man and wife to satisfy themselves that they are really adapted for lifelong association. While

the ungodly Mr. Halton is chuckling at the prospect of one of these trial marriages we hear about, Mrs. Wislack is careful to add that their relations will, during the month in question, be strictly platonic. Precisely at eleven o'clock each evening he will reach for his hat and proceed to his hotel a mile or so away. However wild and stormy a night it may be he will under no circumstances be permitted to sleep under Mrs. Wislack's roof, as it would not be correct, and widows, above all people, can't be too careful.

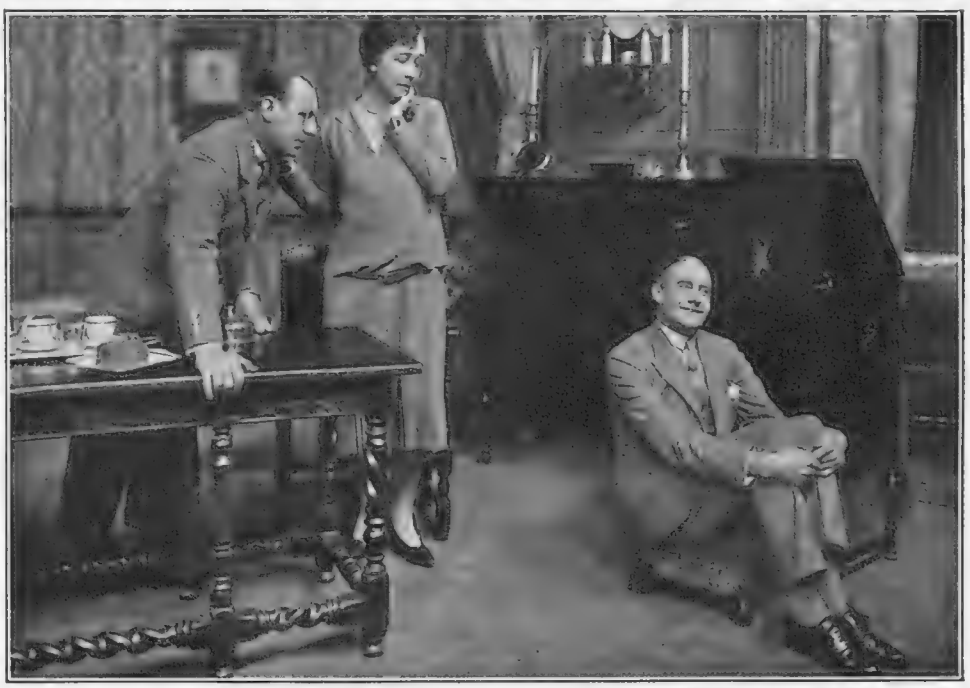
With the next Act we are at Mrs. Wislack's place in the Highlands, with Mr. Halton dutifully dancing attendance on his charming widow, and the Duke and Helen Hayle as self-invited guests. They had, of course, to find some pretext to join the party, as with a company severely limited to four people you can't afford to lose any between the Acts, otherwise the cast might gradually be overtaken by the historical fate of the ten little nigger boys. Mrs. Wislack's first trouble is that her servants have left her in a body, suddenly and without notice. The Duke in his urbane and sweetly spiteful way manages to suggest that the servants probably left because they could not tolerate "the old woman" any longer; and the bickering between these two self-assertive characters is delightfully droll.

At the end of three weeks Mr. Halton is beginning to tire of Mrs. Wislack's imperious selfishness, and though he still runs her errands for her, and comes obediently to heel like a faithful terrier, he is clearly not enamoured of the marital prospect before him. Helen Hayle is beginning to think in the same terms about the Duke. During the last three weeks they have been much together, and the Duke's dismal indifference to the comfort of anybody but himself is a defect that absolutely bulges out all over him. So that when his Grace makes the long-expected proposal he is met with the staggering reply that there will be nothing doing. About that time Helen decides that the best thing that can happen both to the Duke and Mrs. Wislack is to leave them to their cat and dog life for a week or two as a possible cure for ingrained selfishness.

It happens that snow is beginning to fall with a thoroughness that presages an impassable storm of at least three weeks' duration. Mrs. Wislack runs through the house to find that Mr. Halton and Helen have borrowed the only car for a dash southwards, and that the Duke and herself are practically marooned together for the next three weeks.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys as the sparkling widow, Miss Valerie Taylor as the pickler's daughter, and Mr. Edmond Breon as the faithful lover, are all perfect in their respective parts. *On Approval* is a charming entertainment in itself, and a play that is a notable contribution to contemporary drama.

Jingle.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS *Stage Photo Co.*

The self-satisfied Duke (Ronald Squire) enjoys the strains of the gramophone. By the expressions of Richard Halton (Edmond Breon) and Mrs. Wislack (Ellis Jeffreys) they themselves are rather less satisfied with the nobleman than he is with himself

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

Miss Evelyn Colyer has decided not to be a lawn tennis professional. That is the "net" result.

. . . . .

"I can't understand it; my car's not going properly."

"Maybe it's got a bee in its bonnet!"

. . . .

It is said that no girl should exceed her pin-money. Yet many husbands make allowances for this.

. . . .

Because the word "And" was omitted before her name on the posters a stage celebrity has brought an action. It recalls the days during the War when the Hidden 'And was all the rage.

. . . .

For perjury an Ohio culprit, who claims to have been converted, has been sentenced to the old-fashioned treadmill. Once again his turning is the result of conviction.

. . . .

In these warm days we are told that a hock cup is essential at any picnic. Yet even this mild intoxicant frequently leads to a hic-cup!

. . . .

It is stated that Messrs. Carter, Paterson are the pioneers in the carrying trade. We always knew that they were in the van.

An old-fashioned Darby and Joan burst into tears when they learnt they had not drawn a horse in the Derby sweepstake. This time Joan seems to have partaken of the Derby's weep!

. . . . .

"What are we going to do?" asked the disconsolate out-of-work plumber of his mate.

"Let's hope for the burst," replied the latter.

. . . . .

Another gentleman has declared a crusade against whiskers. We wish he would start with our club bore's anecdotes. They've all got whiskers on 'em.

. . . . .

"With many of our young people," remarks a Scotch divine, "dancing is an obsession." This gives a new meaning to the old phrase, "whirled without end."

Again our culinary correspondent, who refers us to "The Dyspeptic's Guide to the Grave," sends us the following recipe for chicken broth:—"First take a bucket of water which should be thoroughly dried. Then place the bucket in the sun and let the shadow of the chicken brood over it. Then, don't let your mind dwell upon it, but boil till morning; serve up in a blue bowl with pink pictures on it, and deliver to a sick friend from whom you have expectations!"

. . . . .

Two ladies called "Heaven" have been convicted of shop-lifting. They now disbelieve the saying that Heaven helps them that help themselves.

. . . . .

A woman detective has flown from Croydon to Amsterdam. She was obviously in plane clothes.

. . . . .

A doctor states that a pinch of snuff is an infallible cure against colds. 'Snuff said.

. . . . .

"Did you see the lovely diamond that Jewess is wearing?"

"Yes, she calls it the Cohen-oor!"

. . . .

The famous Dr. Spooner of Oxford once had rooms above which were a certain Mr. Bell and Mr. Headlam. "How do you like your quarters?" asked a friend. "They're not so bad," replied the professor, "considering I have Hell and Bedlam above me."

. . . .

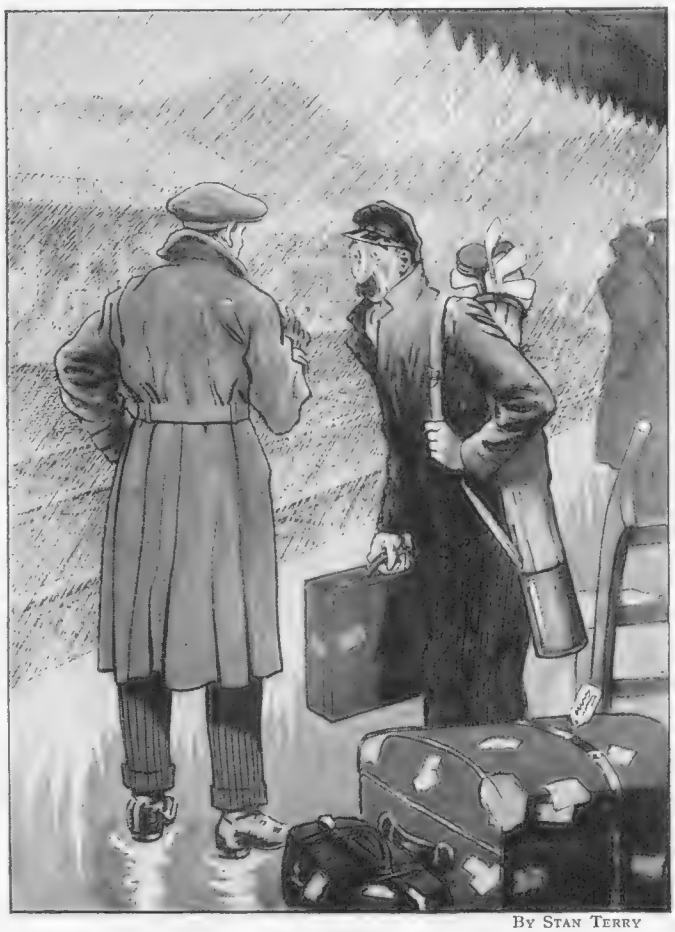
We are informed that we shall never be without the dressmaker. That means, we suppose, there will always be a survival of the fittest.

. . . .

A correspondent asks, "Who was Monsieur Blerie?" We fancy he was the gentleman who defined a garter as, "An elastic band intended to keep a woman from flying out of her stockings and devastating the country.

. . . .

Also we believe he defined a Jews' harp as "an unmusical instrument, played by holding it fast with the teeth and trying to brush it away with the finger."



By Stan Terry

GUYED!

Tourist (*on village station*): "According to the Guide Book the London train should be in now"

Disgruntled Porter: "Oh, yuss. And accordin' to the Guide Book this 'ere place 'as sunshine all the year round!"

"I Passed by Your Window"!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The Modesty Blind, which will be welcomed for dealing with delicate situations at the seaside

A Dancer of Moods

G.P.A.

A beautiful study of Vigdor, whose dancing has made her a great favourite in Vienna, and who is shortly to appear in London. If temperament is any criterion of greatness in an artist, Vigdor must surely be among the greatest, for she insists on the insertion into her contracts of a clause to the effect that, should she not be in the mood to dance, she need not appear!

NOCTURNES

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by H. K. ELCOCK

No. III.

ATMOSPHERE

THAT mysterious word on which so much depends for the success of your nocturne. Given the wrong "atmosphere," or no atmosphere at all, and your evening will be ruined. So also very soon will be the management.

Maîtres d'hôtels, and managers, and puzzled plutocrats seeing their money disappearing over the western horizon in horrible lumps have said to me at various times, "What *is* it—this 'atmosphere' that we don't seem to have got?"

And who am I to tell them?

Sometimes a place dies prematurely and painfully because it tries to force a spurious atmosphere upon its patrons. There was a restaurant not long ago which had the effrontery to try to teach London how to dine in the grand Parisian manner. It made itself very small: it gave itself airs and a very French name: it put no prices on its *carte* (you can't play the garden ass like that with English people): it adopted the *de haut en bas* attitude towards newcomers who did not look foolishly rich: the folded bill made men say horrible things under their breath—and so it died, as it deserved to, and very quickly.

Certain essentials towards the making of the right atmosphere can, however, be bought with gold; and are being bought and built round some of the new London restaurants, which seem lately to have sprung into blazes of illumination at the rate of about one per week. In this respect it is interesting to watch the grim fight that is pending between them—has indeed already begun, for supremacy of place and patronage. There will be some big money lost—and made.

One of the most startling surprises that have been sprung upon nocturnal Londoners during the last decade is the sudden glowing spectacle of the May Fair Hotel. One summer night, three short years ago, I smoked a cigar in a quiet London garden discussing men and matters with a placid, white-haired old gentleman. There was the luscious smell of freshly mown lawn beneath our evening shoes: the traffic humming through Berkeley Street seemed remote and unreal: we were in London but not of it. For he was telling me of the parties that used to be held on summer nights a century or so ago in this very garden where we now sat. Of the women with tossing feathers four feet high in their hair; of their skirts ten feet in circumference. Of the wigged and powdered men strutting, knee-breeched, silver sword sheaths at their sides: of the gallantry and splendour of those aristocratic nights, when the prevailing atmosphere of the social assemblies was langour of speech, slowness of gait, and grace of gesture.

A room where the centuries meet

Look at this same place to-night. A party is in progress—several parties: the whole place is a collection of parties. But a room covers these old-world lawns: a brilliant room beneath a mammoth building of steel and stone and fine art and florid furnishings, and a blaze of scientific lighting which, hiding the crudity of its mechanism, glows softly, insidiously. The walls are of polished satinwood: the ceiling is domed delicately; it is as if a big grey moon shines down through bowers of flowers upon the sparkling scene. Powder-blue pillars of glass reach to the roof. Flowers are everywhere, painted flowers, real flowers, artificial flowers—but flowers.

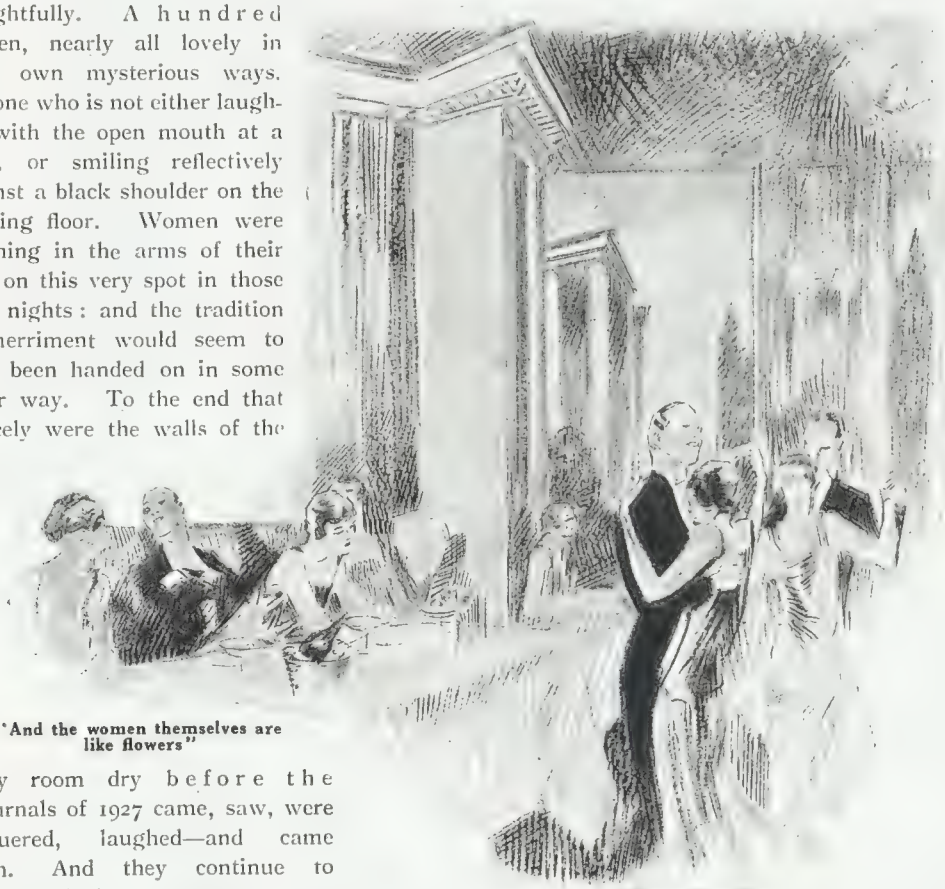
And the women themselves are like flowers: so slim and graceful, their frocks blending as clumps of tulips upon the fawn parquet of the floor. Ambrose and his men play from the daïs: instantly the room becomes a maëlstrom of coloured movement, for who can sit still while those Ambrosian fingers beckon? London and its troubles are somewhere about—outside no doubt, close by. But not here: not now. This is Arcady, for the moment: and who cares about the other moments? Not these nocturnals, during such a nocturne.

Sitting alone you try to dissect this gay and most potent atmosphere. What is it? Is it the dinner, chosen for you and watched over alertly and judicially by Pastori, a *maître* indeed? Is it because a very big and highly experienced hotel organisation has been busy here, sparing no expense in setting the scene for us? Is it because they are paying a prodigious sum of money annually to

these musicians for our delight? Is it the clever conglomeration of all three?

Possibly. But, greatly daring, I have the presumption to suggest an answer to the question of atmosphere, its why and its wherefore. If you sit down quietly in these places, untrammelled by the feminine lure (a difficult matter), and watch, you will see. Women like the May Fair because it makes them feel gay. They laugh here and look their best. And in places where women laugh and look their best men are always ready to pay a dinner bill to-night—and another one to-morrow night, with any luck.

Look round this brilliant room thoughtfully. A hundred women, nearly all lovely in their own mysterious ways. Not one who is not either laughing with the open mouth at a table, or smiling reflectively against a black shoulder on the swirling floor. Women were laughing in the arms of their men on this very spot in those 1827 nights: and the tradition of merriment would seem to have been handed on in some queer way. To the end that scarcely were the walls of the lovely room dry before the nocturnals of 1927 came, saw, were conquered, laughed—and came again. And they continue to come; and the management continues to wash its hands gratefully with invisible soap; and Pastori loses weight from overwork—and everyone is satisfied; for an atmosphere has been born to them.



"And the women themselves are like flowers"

You need not, however, be a vast hotel administration with bags of money and infinite resources and the power of wangling reduced to a science, and a colossal building with ten thousand lights inside and imposing commissionaires outside in order to get your atmosphere. You can be one man working alone, on your savings. A foreigner, too: a waiter once—an Italian always. It is almost vital that you should be an Italian. I only know one man in London who is not, yet who has climbed to the top of the nocturnal tree, and could lend me a hundred pounds to-morrow without feeling the least financial draught, and he is merely the exception which proves the rule.

But you must be a foreigner who has served at the feet of the mighty, humbly; who has watched—endearing himself to his masters throughout the long vigil—waited, and then plunged Of such is Victor. I doubt whether half a dozen of the hundreds who lounge from time to time against his bar know that his name is Victor Perosino, or care two straws. Even his wife is known all over London as "Mrs. Victor," and she cares less. So, since contrast is the essence of argument, come away from the May Fair with its myriad lights and its music and its impressive *mise en scène*, and take a little walk in the summer night, up Hay Hill to the top end of Dover Street. There, in Grafton Street, over a small front door, next to the dead Grafton Galleries, where he once served, you will see "Chez Victor" written up. Nothing else: there is nothing else to see.

It is enough. Atmosphere will wrap itself about you the moment you go into the little hall and sign your name and your lady's. And if you stop a moment and remember that almost all the nobility and gentry of present-day England who are addicted to nocturnals and dancing have stood there and signed their names during the last couple of years, you will admit ungrudgingly that the proprietor, playing a lone hand in the teeth of the hectic competition of his compatriots, has at least achieved something.

And what does he give them? A picture of the Prince in the hall, very properly the only photograph in the building. A narrow staircase: a small band playing on a small landing: a small cocktail bar, but a "good" one in the police and every other term. A small room: a bit of parquet: tables: food. The curtains over the windows are of the "no colour" variety: the lamps in the ceiling are like neglected fires on the verge of going out. The mural decorations are reminiscent of vigorous moorlands and wide open spaces on a bleak morning, and sedate gardens into the foreground of which you feel the Vicar might loom disapprovingly at any moment. Perhaps all this is Victor's cunning? I never know.

Nevertheless, it pays. It has paid hand over fist, as the saying is. For nowhere in Europe is there any such place as "Chez Victor" with an atmosphere at once so *soigné* and yet so free and easy. You just sit round the walls and nibble fashionably at food and toy with a glass and talk. Careful *what* you talk about to her because people to right and left are very close: but they are all saying more or less the same kind of thing, only not, of course, with the same sincerity that you and she are saying things to each other: impossible. Then the little intimate band begins to play and you begin to dance. It is a "close up" form of dancing: the tables are right up against you, and other men are staring right into her eyes. Hence you are both awfully discreet and expressionless and good as gold: moreover, you know everybody in the room, and they all know you.

Now Victor, like all the wise men of Mayfair, has seen the red light. He has seen the new gay dance rooms rising like mushrooms in the Mayfair night all round and about him: seen some of his best patron-friends lured away by the tasty bait of novelty. He has not served these *soigné* people at the Carlton and the Grafton through the years without having gauged to a *lira* the extent of their faithfulness. He is bereft of illusions, having served London.

So he follows the tide of affairs and turns "Chez Victor" into a restaurant, open to the world. But the world, unless it is a very well-behaved and nice world, won't get in. And just because it is "difficult" and small and smart, the whole world will want to come in, bringing their own or someone else's wife. And the atmosphere will remain.

So will Victor.

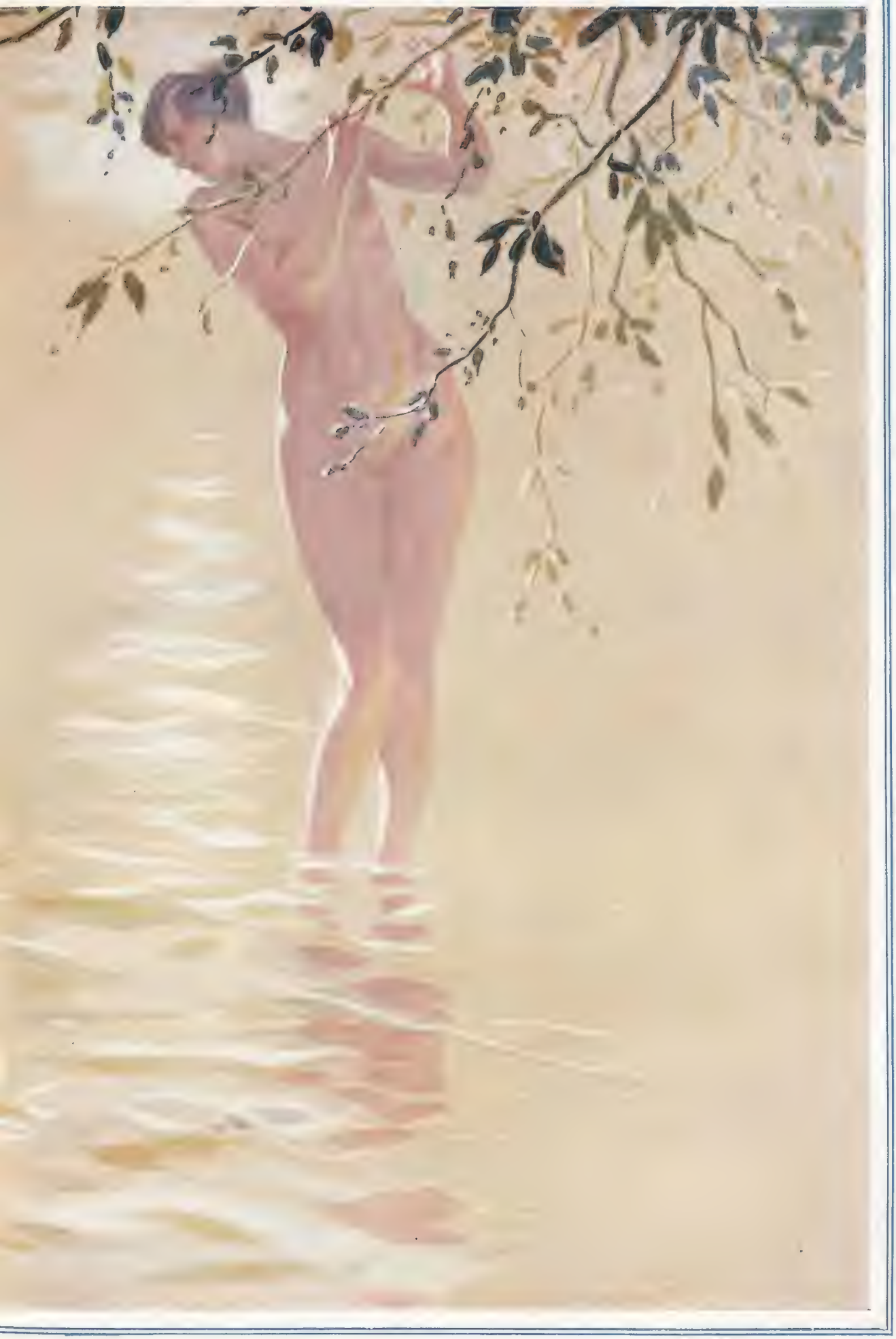
E. P. L.-P.

BY WILMOT LUNT

"WATER LILIES"

G

THE SILEN



BY NUNNEY

NT POOL

BY BLAM

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

THE HONG KONG DERBY

By ARTHUR MILLS *Illustration by GILBERT HOLIDAY*

I HAVE told this story before, but it may be that with so many of our troops ordered to the East, and our attention focused on the China Station, it will bear retelling.

On a morning in March Second-Lieutenants Drew, Appleton, and Fraser sat in conference in Eustace Appleton's quarters. The subject was one which has from time immemorial troubled young officers stationed abroad—money. They had none of them any; they had their mess bills to meet on Saturday, and they had incurred various obligations in the town. A native tailor was even at that moment waiting out on the verandah, keeping one eye on a boot, which Billy had placed conveniently near to throw at him if he dared to put his nose round the door.

They were all well used to financial difficulties, but what gave their present position the character of a crisis was that they had just been granted three weeks' leave to visit Japan, and it was against the rules of the station for an officer to go on leave until his debts were paid.

"Well, you can't get blood from a stone," said Billy.

The other two took no notice of the remark. They felt that the occasion called for practical suggestions rather than platitudes.

"We've nothing we can sell, have we?" asked James.

"There's Benevenuto," said Billy.

"It isn't so much a question of selling him as of finding anyone who will take him as a gift," said Eustace.

Benevenuto was a China pony. Eustace had bought him, and never ceased to regret the purchase, for £10, out of a job lot that had come down from up-country; he was bad-tempered, bad-mannered, as only a China pony can be; on the polo field he had proved himself both unsuitable and unsafe, so much so, in fact, that Eustace had been forbidden to bring him on to the polo ground.

"I've got a chap coming to lunch with me," said Billy thoughtfully; "met him in the Club last night, he's staying here for a few days. I . . . I think he's been a jockey . . . amateur, you know—talked a lot about races he had ridden in."

"Well, even if he had never seen a race I shouldn't think he'd be such a fool as to buy Benevenuto."

"I wasn't suggesting trying to sell Benevenuto to him; after all, the fellow is lunching with me. I thought we might ask his advice."

"You mean borrow money from him?"

"Not a hope; he's as broke as we are; in fact, I think he's done a bolt from somewhere to get out here. But if he knows anything about racing he might be able to tell us if Benevenuto has any chance in one of the griffin races."

The griffin races were run for poor class China ponies, of which there were one or two each day on the card during Derby week.

"What's his name?" asked James.

"Pushed the brown pony past the post first by half a head"

"The Vicomte de Voiza, that's what he calls himself. He's as English as we are really, but he says someone left him a property in Italy the other day, and he was to take the title that goes with it."

"If you ask me I think he sounds a thoroughly fishy character," said Eustace.

"Well, he drinks like a fish, certainly. Hullo! here he is." Billy got up as he saw a little, horsy-looking man, wearing a light cloth check suit, and a stock tie fastened by a fox's head, standing in the doorway. "Come in, Vicomte, we were just talking about you."

"Were you? Wonder my ears didn't burn." The Vicomte, whose face was bright red, nose purplish, and eyes like a ferret's, came in.

"Yes, we wanted your advice about a pony. You've done a bit of racing?"

"A little." The Vicomte, who had been warned off all race courses in five countries, admitted.

"Well, come and see this pony, then, and tell us what you think of him. Eustace thought he might do for a griffin race."

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" It's that or curry as far as he's concerned," said Eustace.

The party adjourned to the stables to inspect Benevenuto. He was led out by his *mafoo*, rolling the whites of his eyes, and looking evil-tempered and treacherous as only a China pony can. Eustace, feeling that as the pony's owner it was up to him to do something, made an attempt to gentle him, and only just got his hand away in time as Ben snatched at it with bared teeth.

The Vicomte looked at the pony thoughtfully. " When did you get him? " he asked Eustace.

Eustace told him, and also the locality of the Chinese dealer in Canton from whom he had bought him.

" H'm," said the Vicomte, " curious! "

" What's curious? " asked Eustace.

" Could I canter him round anywhere quietly? " asked the Vicomte.

" We could go round to the polo ground, there'd be no one there now; only he's a devil to get on to."

" That's all right," laughed the Vicomte. " Daresay I've ridden worse."

After ten minutes on Benevenuto the Vicomte pulled up and swung himself off the pony.

" What time do the entries close? " he asked.

" To-night, I believe. Think he has got a chance for one of the untried griffins' races? " enquired Eustace.

" Well, 'pends what we can do with him in the time," said the Vicomte. " But I should enter him—enter him for the Derby."

" *The Derby!* " exclaimed Eustace and Billy together.

" Yep," said the Vicomte, " he ought to start at a good price for that. Well, now, what do you say to all dining with me at the Hong Kong Hotel to-night? "

The matching of a dozen or more short-legged, barrel-bodied China ponies, whose average height is little over thirteen hands, to race for a mile and six furlongs may seem a small matter to the world at large. But to the section of the universe of which Hong Kong is the centre the Hong Kong Derby is one of the most important events of the year. From Canton, Macao, Shanghai, even from so far afield as Manila, Tientsin and Singapore, folk flock to the island for race week. The hotels are full, dinner-parties and dances are arranged; for four or five days the town of Victoria is given over to festivities.

At these times owners and amateur jockeys become great personages. The appearance in the Club, for example, of P. K. Pink was the occasion of much nudging of elbows, whispers and nods. It was known that P. K. Pink had come down from Shanghai to ride the favourite, Tiny Bluett's Minoru.

P. K. Pink was a name to conjure with in China pony racing; he was a sort of local Tod Sloane or Donoghue; what he did not know about China ponies no one knew, so they said. He had won any number of races. Tiny was lucky to secure his services, but then, of course, Tiny knew a thing or two, didn't he?

All the training was done on the race course, and P. K. Pink had watched the other horses at work. Only one had caused him any misgiving.

Said P. K. Pink to Tiny Bluett the night before the race:

" Benevenuto has a turn of speed."

" What! that half-trained brute those subalterns have entered! He'll never stay the course."

" He could; but I've got him fixed."

" How do you mean? I won't have any 'anky panky. I couldn't in my position as steward."

" There's not going to be any hanky panky," replied P. K. Pink with dignity. " The horse is all right; it's his jockey, he can't ride; I watched him at a trial this morning—never saw a fellow make such a mess of things."

The saddling bell had rung and the great moment arrived. Tiny Bluett stood in the centre of the paddock observed of all eyes, his race glasses slung over his shoulder, bright shining badge in his buttonhole inscribed " Steward."

It was a proud moment for Tiny to be able to give the world the opportunity of seeing the owner of the favourite for the Hong Kong Derby. A few last instructions to P. K. Pink—they weren't instructions really, but Tiny always made a practice of whispering a few words in his jockey's ear just before a race—a final pat of Minoru's neck, and the pony left the paddock to lead the parade.

Whatever else P. K. Pink did, he knew how to put a bit of style into his riding. He left the paddock with his elbows well out, his eyes fixed on Minoru's ears, whip gripped short, and a slight backward and forward swaying of the body, every line of him saying, " This is P. K. Pink, best jockey in China, on the favourite."

The Vicomte had given orders that Benevenuto should be led down to the starting post and he would mount him there, a course of conduct that caused a contemptuous smile from the other amateurs, P. K. Pink having already put it about what a bad horseman de Voiza was. However, the Vicomte was taking no chances; knowing all about Benevenuto's uncertain temper, he didn't intend giving him an opportunity of misbehaving himself in the paddock.

Meanwhile Billy and Eustace stood waiting for a sign from de Voiza. He had arranged to signal to them when the right moment came to put the money on. They were particularly warned not to put it on before he signalled for fear of spoiling the market.

" Wonder where James is," said Billy. " Haven't seen him this afternoon, have you? "

" Dunno, 'spect he's about somewhere. Hullo, the Vicomte nodded then; quick, Billy, come on! "

Betting in China is done on the Parimutuel system. Billy walked quickly to the bureau, put down three hundred dollars in bills, and asked for a ticket on Benevenuto. Of the three hundred dollars two hundred belonged to de Voiza, the remaining one hundred represented a joint fund, scraped together, by every device known to them, by Eustace, James, and Billy.

" Well, that's that," said Billy, having collected the ticket; " we will now go to the public stand and watch. If Ben wins, my boy, we become capitalists again; if he loses. . . ." Billy shrugged his shoulders.

" If he loses, cully, it means none of us go on leave to Japan next month."

" Hullo! They've got down to the post; they'll be off in a minute.'

" They are taking a long time to get off," said Billy, who had put up his glasses. " Looks to me as though it is Ben that's giving the trouble."

From this point the race may briefly be described from the point of view of the two who took chief part in it—the Vicomte de Voiza and P. K. Pink. Each man, according to his own reasoning, had figured out the probable salient features of the race before it began.

P. K. Pink believed that the speed of the brown pony constituted a real danger to Minoru's chances; against this he believed he could off-set the lack of experience and inability of Benevenuto's jockey.

De Voiza, on the other hand, *knew* that on form Minoru must win. Fast pony though Benevenuto was, in the time it had been impossible to get him into good enough condition to give his best over the whole distance. However, half-trained though he was, there was no other pony in the race to fear except Minoru. De Voiza figured out that the issue depended on whether he could out-general Minoru's jockey. He began his tactics at the post.

The Vicomte had not raced all over the Continent and in the Colonies, competing against every kind of shady professional and amateur jockey, for nothing. When it came to tricks there were few people who could have taught him anything. He started in on his rival as soon as they got down to the

(Continued on page 478.)

A Daughter of Mars

Pauline

MARJORIE MARS

Who is in the cast, which includes Margaret Bannerman, of the new Michael Arlen play, "The Zoo." She is the daughter of Gwennie Mars, who will always be remembered as one of the brightest stars in that wonderful little company of artists, "The Follies," who owed their creation and success to the genius of Harry Pellisier

gate. Minoru was invariably orderly and well-behaved at the starting point. P. K. Pink had only to sit on his back and wait for the tape to fly up. However, de Voiza did not intend he should do this. The more trouble P. K. Pink had from the beginning to the end of the race the better. The Vicomte could perfectly well have ridden Benevenuto down to the gate, but it suited him to have him led down the course in full view of all, thus advertising what a difficult pony he was to handle. This would strengthen his hand if there was trouble with the stewards afterwards.

It will be a long time before P. K. Pink forgets those minutes before the tape went up. Never in all his twenty years' experience had the redoubtable local amateur had such a jockeying at the post. The Vicomte, having climbed on to Benevenuto's back, simply rode rings round him.

"Curse your unmanageable brute,' yelled Pink, as de Voiza came up with a rush from behind and knocked him into the tape for the second time.

The Vicomte, red in the face, made show of trying to control Benevenuto, swinging him round with his quarters broadside to Minoru.

"Damnation, why don't you look where you are going? That pony will kick somebody's legs off in a minute."

P. K. Pink swerved just in time to avoid a deft flick of Benevenuto's heels.

At this precise moment, just as the Vicomte had intended, the tapes flew up, leaving P. K. Pink, though apparently in line with the other ponies, actually hopelessly unbalanced. Now, if there was one thing on which P. K. Pink prided himself, it was his skill in getting away from the gate. He gritted his teeth as he saw Benevenuto a full two lengths in front of him.

However, two lengths meant nothing. In four furlongs they would reach the bend. Here this fool of a stranger on his fool of a pony, which he seemed to have no more control over than a charging bull, would be sure to run wide and lose the ground he had gained. P. K. Pink decided to sit tight and take his chance when it came.

The dozen ponies, necks outstretched, short, stubbly legs pounding the ground, raced for the bend. That bend had long been one of P. K. Pink's star turns. They said there was no other jockey in China who could hug those rails as closely as P. K. Pink. However, that afternoon the spectators were to learn differently. The eyes of the knowing ones were turned not on the favourite Minoru, but on the unknown pony.

"By gad, that chap has ridden in a few races before," said one of the Taipans to Tiny Bluett as he watched the masterly way the Vicomte brought Benevenuto into the straight, saving every inch of ground.

"Blasted fool, Pink, nearly got left at the post," snorted Tiny. "Never knew him so slow before."

Tiny was not happy in his mind. If the brown pony could keep it up he must win. He was out now by himself, three lengths ahead of anything else.

At the precise moment that misgivings became strongest in Tiny's mind a great big certainty became apparent to the Vicomte de Voiza. One by one he recognised the ominous signs—the shorter, more gasping breaths, the heavy plunk of the forelegs on the ground, and, most dire of all, the slight roll that Benevenuto had developed in his gait. The gallant little pony was all in.

They were coming to the stands now. Only so little more needed for victory, but that little just too much. A quick glance over his shoulder and the Vicomte saw there was only one other pony in the race, but that one would be quite enough. Minoru had drawn out by himself, and was coming along strongly.

The first roar of the crowd told its own tale. "Minoru! Minoru!" they yelled as the favourite came on. De Voiza thought rapidly. There was one chance in a thousand: he would take it. Up to now he had been riding with a bare foot to spare between himself and the rails. Very gradually he drew outward, leaving a wider gap.

P. K. Pink fell into the trap feet foremost. That ass in front had given up his place on the rails and left *a gap that he could get through*. He would show what a clever jockey he was by taking the opening.

They were fifty yards from the winning post now. De Voiza was riding for dear life, absolutely lifting Benevenuto over the ground. Minoru stole up on him yard by yard.

Billy and Eustace sat at the foot of the Grand Stand, faces immobile, eyes fixed on those two ponies.

"I am afraid we are done, cully," said Eustace, "Ben's all in, and the Vicomte has lost his place on the rails. Look, that other chap is going to come through now."

Up came Minoru inch by inch. His head was now level with de Voiza's leg. The cry, "Minoru wins! Minoru—Minoru!" swelled louder and louder. Another twenty yards and they would be past the post.

"By Jove! that chap is getting every inch out of his pony," said the Taipan who stood by Tiny Bluett.

Tiny was now grinning happily. His anxieties were over. "Pink has ridden a very well-judged race," he said.

Had Tiny Bluett been able to read the thoughts of his jockey at that moment he would have said nothing. For at the psychological instant that the owner of Minoru imagined all to be over Minoru's jockey got the biggest shock of his life.

In coming up to win with a dash on the rails he had allowed for every eventuality except one. That one was that the man against him had learnt more about race-riding before he was twenty than P. K. Pink would know by the time he reached his grave.

P. K. Pink had thought there was plenty of room on the rails. So there was room—though not plenty—just little enough to make the fault the other fellow's if he tried to squeeze through and failed. As he felt Minoru coming on he lessened this room, scarcely perceptibly, but enough.

"Hey! Hey! Hey! get to your right," yelled P. K. Pink.

The Vicomte held straight on. Minoru's shoulder brushed his boot. P. K. Pink's knee just grazed his saddle. And P. K. Pink's leg coming forward suddenly found itself caught under the leg of the Vicomte de Voiza. Riders and horses were so inextricably mixed no one could really tell what was happening. Only the infuriated P. K. Pink knew. He knew that it was the combined weight of himself and Minoru, involuntarily using the leg of the Vicomte de Voiza as a lever, that pushed the brown pony past the post first by half a head.

That night owner, friends and jockey forgathered in the bar of the Hong Kong Hotel.

The Vicomte's nose was purpler than usual, his eyes bloodshot, bright red; evidently he could neither see nor speak distinctly. Though they had been cronies for a week it was the first time any of the subalterns had seen the little man really drunk.

"The Vicomte has got a most wonderful plan he'll tell you about," Billy whispered to James. "We've netted three hundred quid over the race, a hundred is our share, two hundred the Vicomte's, and, by Jove, he earned it. Did you ever see such a race! Tomorrow we go to orderly room and put in for leave for Japan, where the Vicomte joins us, don't you, cully?"

The Vicomte looked at Billy with glazed eyes and nodded.

"I say, by the way, de Voiza," said Eustace, "had you any idea old Ben was as fast as that?"

The Vicomte nodded again.

"You knew!" exclaimed Billy.

"Remember pony well. Rode him in French Grand Prix, Saigon, last year. They don't know anythin' about racing in Hong Kong or someone would a-bought him," said the Vicomte, after which he fell asleep. A. M

"Stand and Deliver!"

BY ALFRED LEETE

HOW ONE FEELS WHEN INTERVIEWING THE INCOME TAX MAN

BRITISH AND BEST

THE STAFFORDSHIRE PIT BULL TERRIER

By CAPTAIN COUNT VIVIAN HOLLENDER

SILVERSEA SENSATION

We have had foreign dogs foisted on the British public for many years. Enormous prices have been paid for unreliable animals, but they (though the fashion) have not stood the test. Another foreign invasion is threatened while the best type of British dog in the world gradually becomes extinct. The dog in question is the Staffordshire Pit Bull Terrier—the purest of all Bull Terriers. There is nothing to compare with this dog for gameness, devotion, loyalty and genuine reliability. They are an ideal size, possess the best of coats (either for this country or the tropics). As a guard they are unrivalled, having all the advantages of a small dog, viz., can be taken or kept anywhere, and none of the disadvantages. I have kept and known every breed of dog in existence, but the breed in question is the last I would want to tackle. Space alone prevents me telling of their prowess and pluck.

BUNTY

The book, *The Englishman's Dog in the Tropics,* advocates them before all other breeds, and it is full of vital and human interest concerning one.

The illustration is of Drummer Boy Joey, owned by the late Earl of Rothes, son of Pity Me and Billy—still alive and owned by Capt. Colville, M.F.H. I originally purchased Pity Me, a proved "battler," who had won contests for money. This dog would run from a small dog and never fight unless ordered to.

Taking him out the first time seemed a dangerous experiment, so a friend of mine, Colonel Thunder (a well-known dog and animal authority, and a useful heavyweight himself), accompanied me on the "terror's" first outing in London. He followed through the traffic without a lead, went in the Tube, and eventually to the Carlton Hotel, where he laid on my coat on the top of some others belonging to friends of mine. Called to the telephone, he endeavoured to follow me, but was told to stay where he was. In the meantime my friends wanted their coats, which were underneath mine, and were only allowed to have them on my return!

The dog at that period had only been with me for an hour. Lord Rothes, Major Gross, Captain Lumsden, and Georges Carpentier were all present, and can testify to this incident. He went back to my house for food, which he would only take if I stood by him. I would never have parted with the dog, but it would have been impossible to keep him with my old Bull Terrier, who weighed seventy pounds, and was my constant companion. He now lives with Captain Colville, the M.F.H., and is his shadow, devoted to his wife and children, the only dog amongst the many

JOEY

he possesses who lives in the house. Captain Colville uses him for stud for his working terriers, the only way he is able to get the gameness he requires for them to go to ground or badger.

In defence of his original owner's daughter-in-law he held and fought a drunken man who had assaulted her in her cottage. Stunned and badly battered with a chair that was broken over him, "he came again" and broke the man's ankle. What big dog would have shown such magnificent pluck and taken this terrific punishment? For a fortnight he lay at death's door through injuries. Only a heart bigger than any body pulled him through. His son, Drummer Boy, was owned by Lord Rothes, and was his shadow; an intelligent, game, and devoted companion. He tolerated all his friends, and was courteous to them, but that was all. As a guard he was unrivalled. Unfortunately his breed is practically extinct, and much coloured rubbish has been sold under their name, a detriment to the genuine article. They are wonderful water dogs and vermin killers, but have one slight handicap: their loyalty and devotion is rather embarrassing, as they insist on following one everywhere! This is no prejudiced plea for an English dog in place of a foreign one; it is valuable information to all dog-lovers.

The picture of Bunty who belongs to Captain R. Walker, shows the best coloured Bull Terrier living, and probably the best ever bred. Her character is ideal. The White Bull Terrier is the most recent of the three, and a manufactured article.

They are all three different types and of equally sweet disposition: the safest dogs in the world with children. The white type is the acknowledged show specimen, and is better standardised; the illustration being that of Silversea Sensation, belonging to the well-known sportsman, Harry Preston. This dog is a big winner, and one of the best specimens benched to-day.

The coloured Bull Terriers can be any colour, brindle preferred, white not to predominate. The same applies to the Staffordshire Pit Bull Terrier, red or fawn coats often appearing. The advantage of coloured dogs is that they don't show the dirt so easily, and are less prone to skin diseases and deafness. The Staffordshires weigh anything from 15 to 25 lb. Both the other types from 30 to 70 lb., though 50 lb. is usually the show type. Whatever type the reader or prospective purchaser decides on they will never regret. They are all-British, these canines, courteous, noble cavaliers of the dog world.

The Last Eight

R. H. WETHERED
(Worplesdon)

L. NETTLEFOLD
(Hobart, Tasmania)

H. D. GILLIES (Woking)

R. H. de MONTMORENCY
(Stoke Poges)

Photographs
CAPTAIN R. H. JOBSON
(Royal and Ancient)

D. E. LANDALE
(Royal Liverpool)

DR. W. TWEDDELL
(Stourbridge)

Topical
A. A. McNAIR, Jun.
(East Renfrewshire)

The last eight contestants who were left in the Amateur Golf Championship photographed in action at Hoylake. In the sixth round Dr. Tweddell, Mr. Wethered, Capt. Jobson and Mr. Landale beat Messrs. Nettlefold, Gillies, de Montmorency and McNair respectively, thus leaving the decision of the competition entirely in the hands of competitors from clubs in the British Isles.

PARISIANA *By "René"*

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"In which pedestrians were imprisoned"

MES AMIS,—

PRETTY well everything has now been said about the scenes of frenzy which accompanied the arrival of "Lucky" Lindbergh in Paris after his flight from New York—an achievement beyond praise—but there is still one side to which I would like to make passing allusion. We were given a vision of what the great cities may be like in ten years if the authorities continue to lag behind in their methods of coping with the intensive development of motor traffic, and the spectre was a really appalling one.

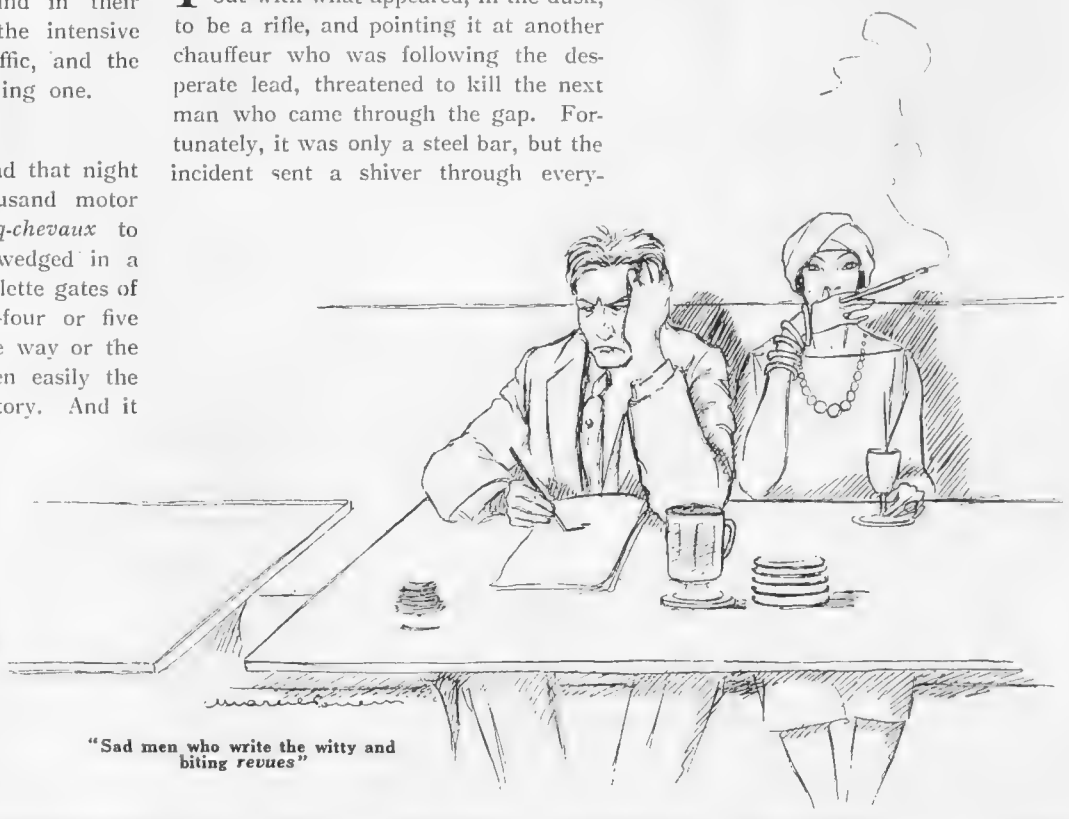
ON the Le Bourget road that night there were ten thousand motor vehicles, from small *cinq-chevaux* to monstrous chars-a-bancs, wedged in a solid block from the La Villette gates of Paris to the aerodrome—four or five miles—unable to move one way or the other. It must have been easily the greatest traffic jam in history. And it was not merely a matter of minutes but of hours. There were motorists who were caught in that unprecedented *embouteillage* before ten p.m., and who were unable to escape till three the following morning. People coming home for a late dinner, after an afternoon ride round Chantilly, got back in time for breakfast, and dreamed of motor cars climbing over walls and factory chimneys seeking a path to freedom.

THIS dingy road is built to take four ordinary cars, two travelling up and two down, but that night they were lined eight abreast, all making one way—for the aerodrome. To achieve this the chauffeurs had mounted the sidewalks, which enclose the tramlines, thinking they could pierce a way through, but this only increased the confusion, as nothing could then come up towards the city. I saw one taxi-driver try to bore a way between a telegraph pole and a shop window, but he lacked an inch of space, and, in struggling to gain it, he took part of the shop-front with him.

IMMEDIATELY a virago came running out with what appeared, in the dusk, to be a rifle, and pointing it at another chauffeur who was following the desperate lead, threatened to kill the next man who came through the gap. Fortunately, it was only a steel bar, but the incident sent a shiver through everybody. The one great danger was the starting of a panic among that struggling mass, in which pedestrians were imprisoned just as completely as motor cars. Several cars almost overturned in swerving up on the high sidewalk, threatening fire, but luck prevailed. Luck, however, may not be always all-powerful. Some genius will have to do something to deal with the menace of the motor car in mass, as much a menace to the motorist as to anyone else.

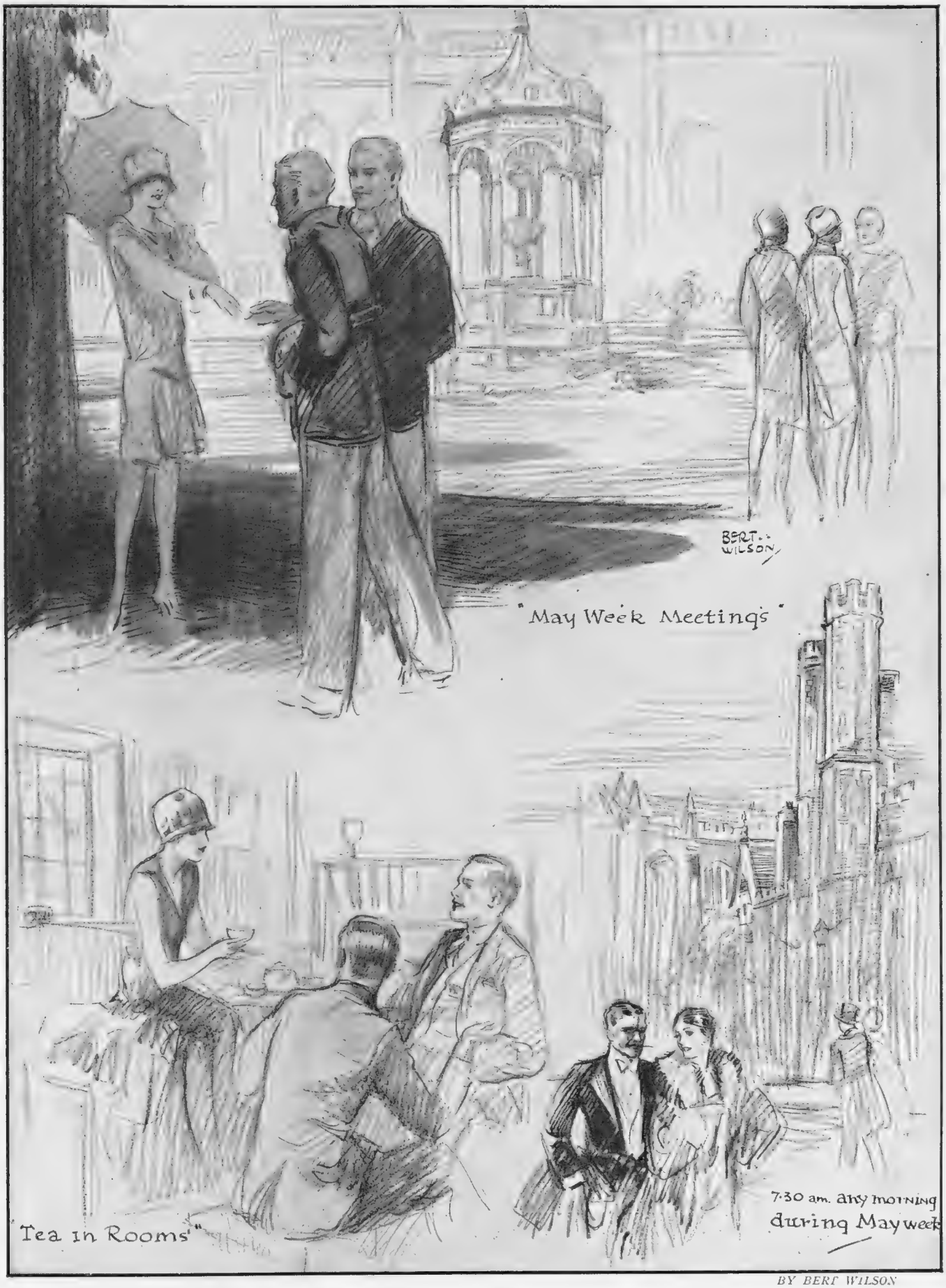
THE sad men who write the witty and biting *revues* for the small theatres in Paris, where real revue is still staged, feel they are entitled to voice a grievance, and lots of other people are in sympathy with them. They have not had many appropriate subjects for the exercise of their talents for quite a while, and now, when they have found the ideal topic, it has been snatched away from them by inconsiderate elderly legislators. Their plaint concerns the Army Reorganisation Bill, which had filled them with gratitude towards the Deputies, as it promised to be an almost inexhaustible mine of suitable material.

AND now the Senators—those killjoys—are cutting all the funny stuff out of the Bill and converting it into



"Sad men who write the witty and biting *revues*"

Merry May in Leafy June



BY BERT WILSON

Some sidelights on the May Week activities at Cambridge, which form the chief attraction, from the sporting and social points of view, of the Easter term. During this week the races, May Week tennis matches, the Athletic match against an All England team, and the Footlights and A.D.C. shows are to be held, while next week the College Balls will take place

a serious measure. As it passed the Chamber, the Bill provided for the mobilisation of *every* French national without exception and without limitation of age or sex. Thus did it include in a solid army of forty millions, baby, nursemaid, grandpa and grandmamma, and the category for which the world has least sympathy, mothers-in-law. All would have been soldiers under the orders of some almighty committee, for the measure was the "perfect creation" of Socialists, whose paradises are always completed with committees.

"All would have been soldiers"

ON the face of it such a Bill is obviously a treasure-house for revuists, with their insatiable appetite for the ridiculous, but there was even extra material for them in the fact that it had not been laid down what should be done with the new classes of *militaires* once they had been embodied, whether they should form separate battalions—"En avant, les Amazones"—and whether they should go under canvas or in barracks along with the ordinary troops. In the circumstances the Senators thought the safest thing they could do would be to cut the embarrassing new classes out of the Bill and limit the Army to the usual young male material.

"French cherries"

VARIOUS reasons have been given for the visit of our lovable little President, M. Doumergue, to London, mostly gravely political, but it has been left to our chatty little friend, Bernard Gervaise, to furnish what he says is the only true and correct explanation, which has nothing at all to do with Russia or the Rhineland. He asserts that it was all on account of cherries—French cherries. *Les Anglais* have been eating too many French cherries, not leaving sufficient for Paris, and therefore President Doumergue made his journey across the Channel to draw attention to the *faux-pas*, politely and with his irresistible smile.

BERNARD GERVAISE, however, has not got his information in line with that of M. Gustave Tery, who is the acknowledged authority on cherries and their gobblers. M. Tery's complaint about the English is that they insist on picking and choosing among the cherries which are consigned to them from France, and that they send back those that have worms in for the French to eat. He contends that the *vers de cerises* are succulent *vers* anyway, quite as nourishing as English cabbage, with its vitamins murdered in miserable water, and that if they are good enough for the food-skilled French they are good enough for the barbarous English. However, thanks to M. Doumergue's smiling intervention, we are assured, says M. Gervaise, that there will be no war.

TALKING about *le bien-manger*, it is no light burden which has come upon M. Curnonsky, the writer, who has been elected by the *gourmets* of Paris, *Prince des Gastronomes*. This is a title that requires much living up to. Curnonsky is a valiant trencherman, as well as having "the fine taste," but the new sceptre promises to impose a severe strain. There may be times when Curnonsky does not wish to eat—they come upon the toughest of tummies—but he will have to go through with it for the dignity of his principality.

AND when he is asked about a *plat* or a *cru* it will not be permissible for him to say he has heard of his qualities—he will have to know of his own knowledge, which means that his duties, in the search of knowledge, may exceed his pleasures. And he will also have to try to deliver the death-blow to smoking between courses and music with meals, equally horrible to the gourmets. It is an honourable eminence he has won, but it is no sinecure—*pas du tout*.

RENÉ.

IT is said that in the old days girls who were content with knitting usually got off. Nowadays what girl is content to cast purls before swain?

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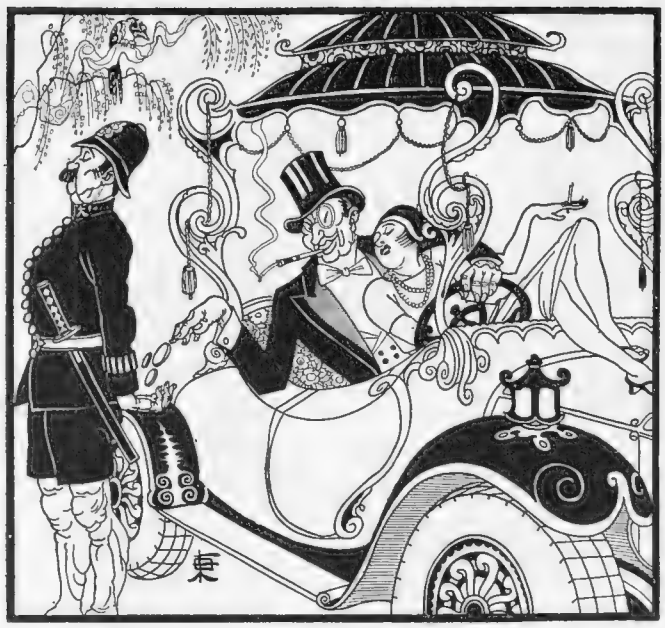


"'. . . and are a noted Senior Wangler'"

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMA!*

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS—

SINCE the last 2 or 3 weeks, 100s of parentals and other family persons have deluged me with requestings for informations re concerning how to lucratively send their sons and suchly burdens to Umboboeland so they may speedishly grow to become millionaires and secure barthoods and suchly cash perks. The as follows are very typical speciman of aforesaidly letters: "Dear Sir Yogo, I are pursuing with enormous interests your so gifted articles in Hon. BYSTANDER which I read every week in the free library and which should be of calculateless benefits to 1,000s of employmentless offsprings. Can you execute your very *h.p.* influents to successfully secure my son a lucrative and cashish appointments in Umboboeland? He are rising 25 annums of age, has taken a 1-st at cricket and footblader, secured honours in the Billiards Tripos and are a noted Senior Wangler. He possesses 100% good-looks, wears his garments like an Upper 10 from birth (which almost he are) and can dance more divinely as a *primavera ballerina*. I cannot doubt to imagine that these so brilliant talents would cause him to become a very successful Colonial person, like as late Hon. Sir C. Rhodes, and perhapsly nuptial a wealthy femn in his retirements. Hoping to be favoured with your esteemed responses per return of the post, I are yours to remain, B. Smith, Esq."

It are non-doubtfully suchly hardy and trepidless youths as this which causes the sun to never set on Hon. British Empire. But I are a much too frightfully busy person to personally make response to the so many innumerous requestings. Persons necessitating informations re concerning the so golden opportunities of this non-paralleled country, should apply with 5£s (cash) to the Secretary, Umboboe Emigration Bureau, C/o Hon. BYSTANDER. Assisted passages can be arrange for impoverish barts and other Upper 10 persons accustomed to enjoy hard-times and suchly pioneering assets.)

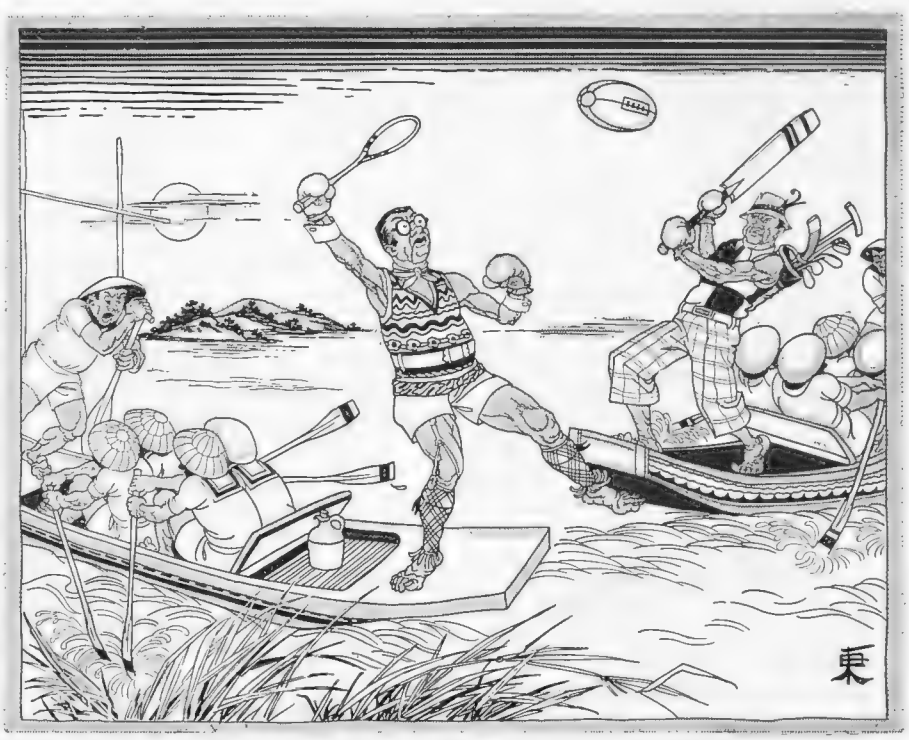
I shall now continue the extractions from my diary which, I are very authentically inform, are creating an enormous stir in all ¼s of the civilised globe.

Feb. 19st. Accompany by Hon. King M'sumgumbo, I arrived to Bullamacow, the capital of Hottentotland. I cannot do more better as quote from the *Bullamacow Daily Advertiser* as per follows: "Enormous rejoicings accrued to greet His Hon. Majesty, M'sumgumbo after his so successful victories against the Umboboes. More as 10 elephant-loads of prime scalps have been secured and will be raffled at the nextly bazaar in aid of the Chopped Warriors' Fund. (5 tickets may be purchase for 1 cow.)

"But far more better as these epochal victories, are the news that His Royal Majesty has secured the so priceless services of Sir Yogo Hama, P.T.O., R.S.V.P., the world-celebrated *literati* and explorings person, whose name are more as enough to conjure with. Sir Yogo, who are far-famed for his diplomatics and very *au fait* with all the up-to-datest cabinet tricks, are scarcely more as 30, awfully handsome for his years, non-nuptialled and very run-after by aspiring femns. A born aristocrat to his teeth, a gifted orator and a good sportster, he enjoys a golf handicap of plus 4% *v.* against all-comers. As bos-un's-mate of his college 15 in 1916, he stroked his crew to victory by 3 goals to nil, and the same year was Captain of his tennis 11, winning the combat by a narrow love to nil in 1 hr. 7 mins. 4.5 secs., which are a record for the light-weight championships.

"As financial, social, political, scientific, sportings, fashions, and cooking expert of Hon. BYSTANDER, he caused saidly journal to exercise terrific influents in all the best and most bespoke circles. Sir Yogo are questionablelessly more as 98% responsible for the so great good-will, peace and loving kindness of the world to-day. If his so genius scheme had been adopted by Grt. Britain of taxing all imported macaroni

(*Continued on page 488*)



"'He stroked his crew to victory by 3 goals to nil'"

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a 1/- per yard, that country would non-doubtedly have paid her debts to America in less as no time. But very fortunatelessly, Hon. Sir Baldwin, the Anglo-British primate, are alleged to have suppressed the scheme because of possessing innumerous shares in a macaroni farm which was accruing him lucrative profits.

"Finding his so great talents non-appreciated, Sir Yogo enjoyed a relapse to his health and was ordered by his medicinal advisers to travel for recuperations. He was encaptured by the Umboboes and no-doubtlessly would have suffered to be boiled in oil but for the heroical valour of our Hottentot warriors, who succeeded to rescue him at this so critical point in his distinguished career. Sir Yogo, we are inform, will now become Prime Minister of Hottentotland and the official *kraal* has been freshly fumigated for his occupations and the 10 so charming and brilliant wives who will share his residents.

"We trust to sincerely hope that the goodish relations between Hottentotland and Grt. Britain will be cemented more stronger as glue by this appointments.

'Awful moral effects upon our pure youths, masc and femn"

Also we haste to assure the natives of Grt. Britain that King M'sumgumbo has very friendly dispositions towards them, and it are a 1,000 pities that certain jingoish journals have kicked up a so awful palaver because of the 3 war-canoes just launched. We can officially inform the Grt. Brittons that these are not for use against Hon. British fleet, but for catching 'oil-baggers,' those so nefarious persons who seek to smuggle hair-oil into Hottentotland, which the Government has prohibit because of its so non-jurious and awful moral effects upon our pure youths, masc. and femn. But non-doubtlessly the scintilling genius of Sir Yogo will swiftishly dissipate those scare-mongerings and between them Hottentotland and Grt. Britain will succeed to secure the peace of the world.

"Sir Yogo's 1-st official functioning will be to open the Scalps Bazaar, when Miss N'gamboko, the so fascinating daughter of the Mayor of Bullamacow, will present Sir Y with a bunch of specially prepared *assegais* and *knob-kerries.*"

Alasly, as Hon. Sir Bart of Avon bemoans, how aches the head that sits on thrones. It are a far, far more better thing to be a humble but brilliant *literati* at a paltrish 100£s per weekly, than a primate with 10 wives and a 1,000 woes.

Yogo Hama

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

HOPELESS BRIDGE PLAYERS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

While the standard of play has undoubtedly improved all round during the past few years, I am constantly amazed at the number of hopeless players one still meets. I am not now referring to domestic Bridge or social Bridge.

At private houses one takes the rough with the smooth, and one is not surprised to find "duds." It is quite amusing sometimes to play Bumble Puppy instead of Bridge.

There are lots of people who play what they call Bridge only occasionally for fun and for infinitesimal stakes. They play it in the same spirit as they play "Snap" or "Beggar my Neighbour." They make no pretensions to understand the game, but they get a good deal of amusement out of it.

That is quite all right, but the cases I am considering are the regular and ardent devotees of Bridge who play every day at clubs, and who play so atrociously that it is painful to be their partners.

. . . . . .

I meet constantly at clubs players who have been at the game ever since it was invented who can only be described as hopeless.

They never get any better, and they go on making the same mistakes and blunders year after year, quite unconscious of the fact.

Some of the worst are quite pleased with their game, and consider themselves good players.

Others sometimes say deprecatingly, "Well, of course, I don't claim to be an expert"; but they say it with an air which shows they hope to be contradicted.

Nor is it only at clubs where the stakes are low that these players are to be found. I find them playing quite high points, and, such is the luck of card-holding, that they do not always find themselves losers on balance in the course of a year. I am not afraid of any of these hopeless players whom I meet at my clubs fitting the cap and applying my remarks to themselves, because one of their chief characteristics is that they never read anything about Bridge. For some reason or other they rather pride themselves on this fact.

"I have never read a Bridge book or article in my life," I heard one of them say. The obvious retort was, "I should have thought so from your play." But what is the good of being nasty?

. . . . . .

Now, of course, at all games one finds duffers. At golf, lawn tennis, billiards, and chess you find players who never improve however much they practise. They are as keen as mustard, but at most of these games you will find that the devotees do take the trouble to learn the laws, to study books and take lessons. It is a strange fact that at Bridge there are many regular players who have never learnt the rudiments of the game.

For instance, I play constantly with an enthusiast who does not know the conventional leads nor the Eleven Rule.

When he holds King, Queen of a suit he invariably leads the Queen. He bids when he shouldn't, and refrains from bidding when he should. He drops on average two tricks in the play of a hand. But does this deter him? Not a bit of it. He is quite impervious to argument or chaff. He thinks he plays well, and is quite unconscious of his sins of omission and commission.

. . . . . .

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." I know players who have taken lessons and read text-books, and who, apparently, are much the worse in consequence. A smattering of ill-digested knowledge is sometimes worse than no knowledge at all. It may prevent a player using the modicum of common sense which Providence has given him. Some of the most hopeless cases are players who have been "taught." They have had drilled into them certain conventions, maxims and rules of play which they apply rigidly and without rhyme or reason. They have no flexibility and no imagination.

They bid and play by rule, and do not use their wits or allow for psychology or for the varying conditions that arise in the course of a game.

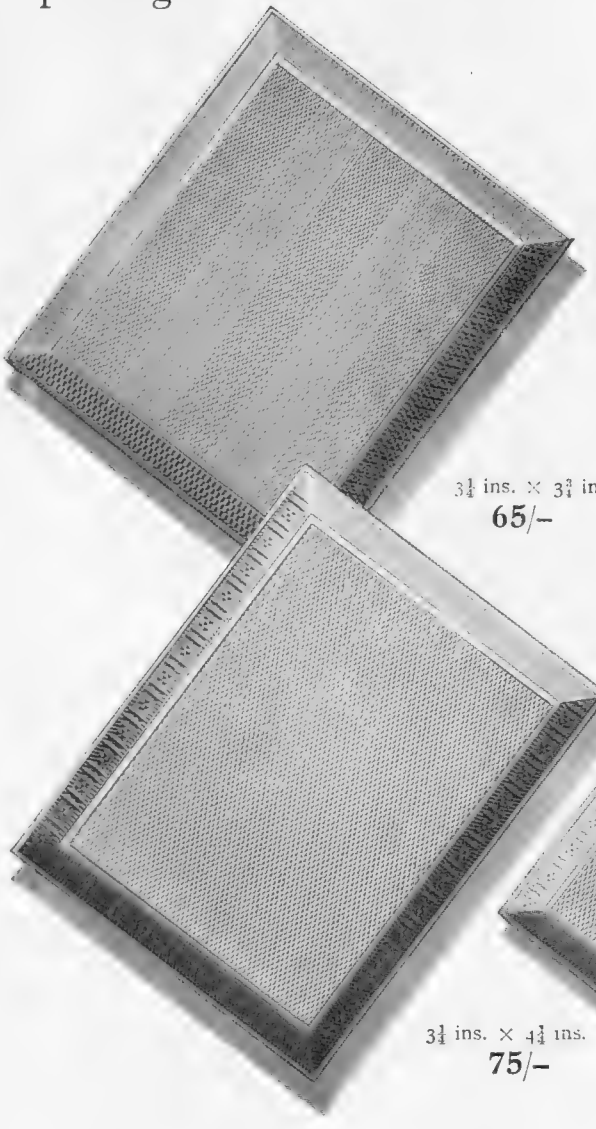
The word "always" is as useless at Bridge as in love. There is no Always.

Think of those who *always do anything*, and pray to be delivered.

CIGARETTE CASES

BY APPOINTMENT

With patent slide-action opening.



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A "Dog Day" in the New Forest

MISS LITTLE with her Alsatian "UNDINE OF PICARDY"

MISS BOUSFIELD with her mother's Alsatians 'RAJAH OF HOW" and "CZAREVITCH OF HOW"

MISS WALTER with her Great Dane "BRUTUS OF EVERLEY"

Photographs

MISS WYK with her 1st prize Scotch Terriers

Alfieri

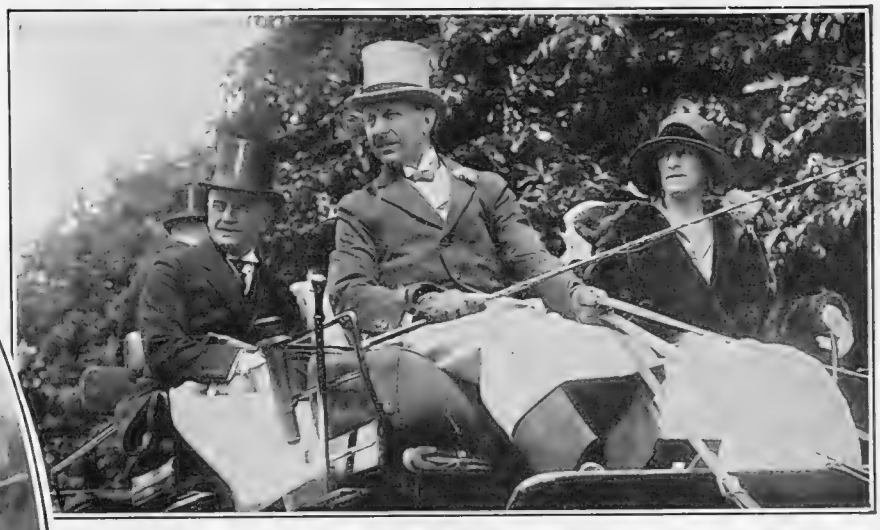
MISS B. ROBERTSON with her mother's Wire-haired Terrier "BENHOLM BAFFAM"

Some of the doggy competitors and prize-winners at the recent New Forest Canine Association's Show. This was held in delightfully sunny weather at Brockenhurst Park

The Joy of the Open Road

W. A. Rouch

MR. C. J. PHILLIPS, Vice-President of the Club, driving the leading coach



MAJOR SCOTT (left), COLONEL O'HARA and MRS. O'HARA

Photographs

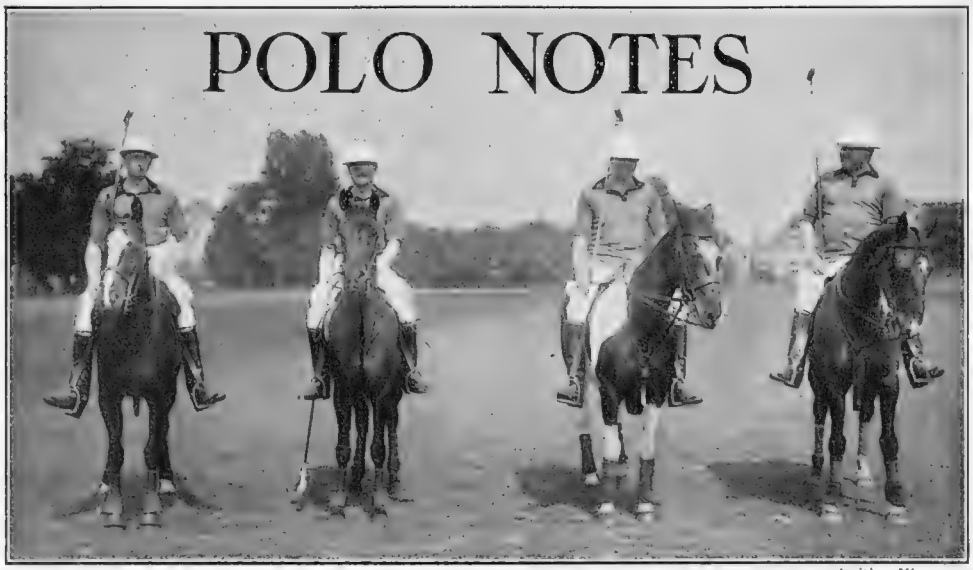
VISCOUNT CAVE (left) with SIR EDWARD and LADY STERN on Sir Edward Stern's coach

Photopress

MR. WALKER W. THEOBALD'S party, including CAPT. L. FANE GLADWIN, the MISSES PHYLLIS and GLADYS ALSTON, MISS DOROTHY GABRIEL and MRS. JOHN RITCHIE

Some of the participants in the opening meet of the Coaching Club, which took place, as usual, at the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park. Seven coaches belonging to members of the Club and five regimental drags took part in the drive to Ranelagh

POLO NOTES



British Illus.

READY FOR ACTION

A photograph from Roehampton of the Osmaston team before a recent game. The group comprises Sir Ian Walker, Capt. G. Reid Walker, Mr. F. L. Walford and Major J. V. Foster

Prince of Wales's Cup

At one time I feared for the success of the Empire Cup tournament in its inaugural year, as there did not appear to be any team from India or elsewhere overseas capable of making a real fight against a good Hurlingham side. I now learn, however, that it has been decided to scrap the annual match between England and Ireland for the Patriotic Cup and to select a strong team of Irish players to take on the Hurlingham lot in the struggle for the trophy which the Prince of Wales has presented to the club. Formerly the Patriotic Cup provided us with one of the most attractive matches of the season. It was played for in alternate years at Hurlingham and Phœnix Park, but ever since its political troubles Irish polo has been more or less in a bad way. The All-Ireland Club is the only organisation which now keeps the game going in that country, and the fine polo which we used to associate with the Dublin Horse Show is a thing of the past.

Choosing an Irish Team

No definite arrangements have yet been made as to the composition of the team which will represent Ireland in the match for the Empire Cup. I understand, however, that it is likely to be made up of four first-class players. One of them is Major F. W. Barrett, who represented Ireland on several occasions in the annual encounter with England. He was a member, too, of the team which brought back the International Cup from Meadow Brook in 1914. "Rattle" is not so prominent in London polo this season as has usually been the case. The fact that he is playing regularly for Sir John Ramsden's team is keeping him out of the open tournaments, but he is still one of the finest polo tacticians of his time, and I shall be glad to see him in worthy company in the Empire Cup match.

Mr. Traill Back to Form

It is practically certain that Mr. John Traill will be in the same team. Although he has lived for a great many years in the Argentine, he is an Irishman bred and born. In the early days of the current season Mr. Traill appeared to have lost something of his form, but this was only a passing phase, and last week I watched him play a rattling good game for El Gordo against the Thornby team at Hurlingham. His work in that match was good enough to assure the onlooker that when he is riding his best ponies Mr. Traill is just as brilliant as ever he was. The No. 2 of the Irish team will certainly be Capt. C. T. I. Roark, who will not leave for America until the biggest events of the London season have been decided. The Roark family is well known in Irish polo, but it has not produced a finer player than the one I am discussing.

Our Best No. 2

Everybody is agreed that the Army in India Selection Committee have done the right thing in inviting him to accompany their team to the United States. Almost beyond question he is the best No. 2 we have in England to-day, and I hope that his individual brilliance will go far towards helping the challengers to put up a really big fight against the Americans in September. The remaining place in the Ireland team will probably be filled by Col. the Hon. Denis Bingham, who for many seasons has been one of the most polished of Army players. He and Major Barrett are old brother officers, and it will be pleasant to see them together in a team again.

Hurlingham's Team

You will realise that the Hurlingham Polo Committee will find it necessary to get together a pretty warm combination to pit against this formidable Irish side for the Empire Cup. I believe it is probable that Capt. Maurice Kingscote will be invited to play at No. 1. Behind him will be Major Geoffrey Phipps Hornby. This would be an excellent arrangement, as these two players have been together regularly this season in the Templeton team. No doubt Wing-Commander P. K. Wise will be invited to play at No. 3. In my notes last week I wrote of the excellent form which this player had shown in his first match in the London season. Since then he has done consistently well, and he played a great part in assisting La Pampa to win the Buenos Aires Cup at Ranelagh.

A Powerful Defence

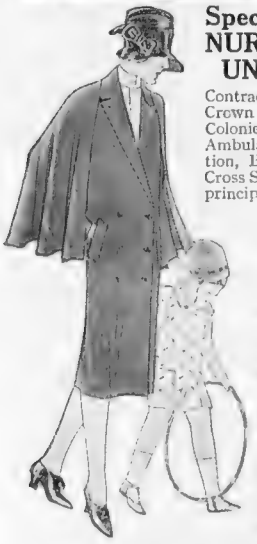
Wise not only got an exceptional length on the ball in this game, but hit with wonderfully good direction. Of all the first-class players I have seen this season he is, perhaps, the only one appreciably to enhance his reputation. It is understood that the back of the Hurlingham team in the Empire Cup match will be Major J. F. Harrison, who can always be depended upon to rise to the occasion in a big game. He will have plenty of opportunities this year of effecting a good understanding with Wing-Commander Wise, as the latter, as I stated last week, has come into the Hurricane team in place of Col. Vivian Lockett.

Alfieri

WINNERS AT RANELAGH

The La Pampa team which won the Buenos Aires Cup Tournament at Ranelagh, beating the Incas in the final. The photograph shows Mr. L. Nelson, Mr. E. L. Lacey, Major P. Magor and Wing-Commander P. K. Wise

Garrould's



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CROWDING ON

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GIRL

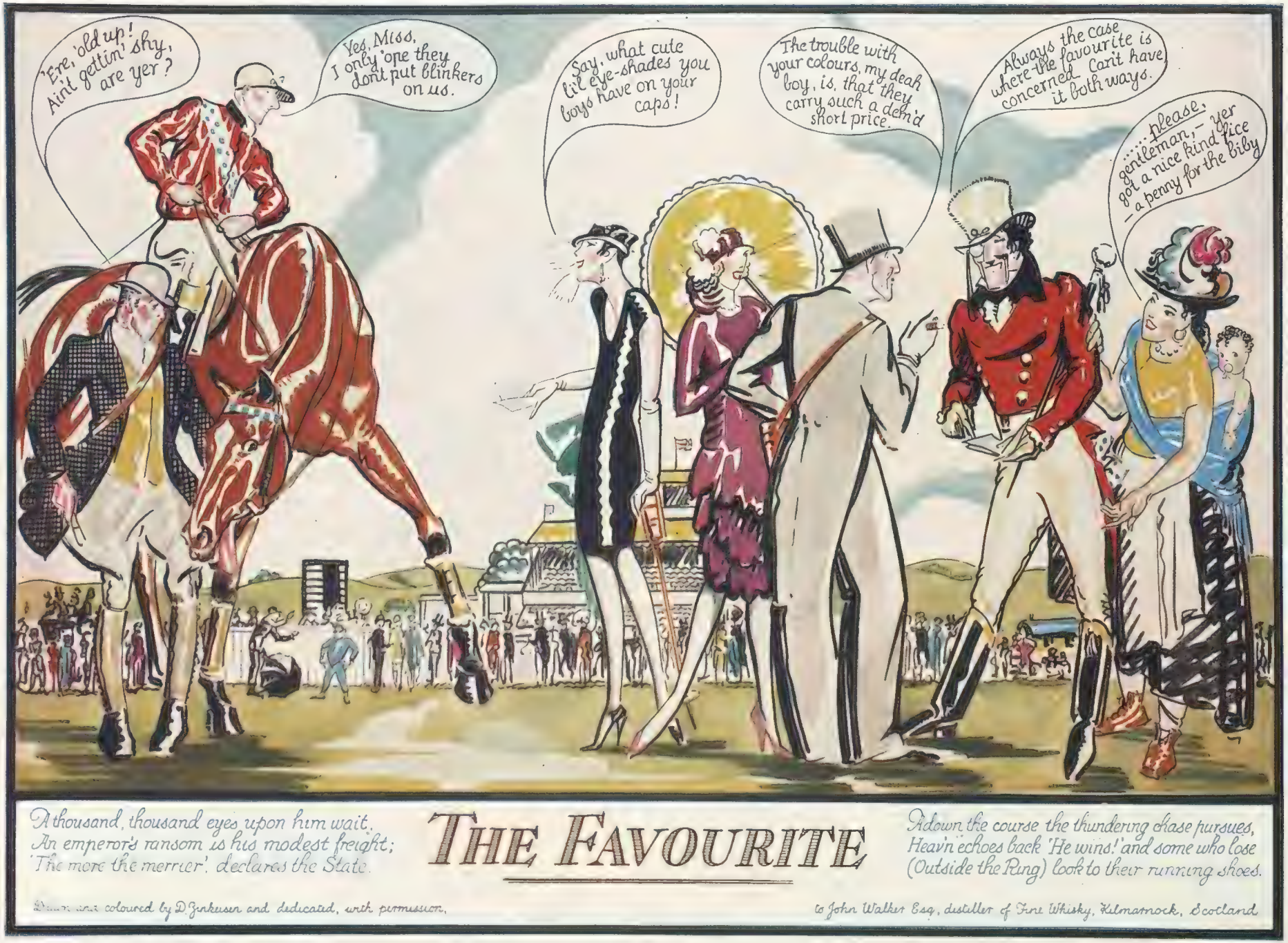
liss Phyllis Titmuss. She is seen wearing 'o Pearls

ning she wanted, from brooms to gingerbread, and herrings to lace. strawberry-barrows still go round in season. More rarely still one hears ry of sweet lavender. There is still ionally the broom-seller and the -grinder—and these are all that are of the army of hawkers of foods clothes and household things who ed to fill the streets of London ith their cries.

WHEN, some time ago, everyone was talking of brightening ndon, I do not remember that any- e mentioned the flower-sellers. ere is an industry which one would e to have subsidised. It may not a key industry, but how much it ld do to brighten the squalor and ke fragrant the dust of London's ets! Why does not some philan- pist establish flower-girls at the t corners in all those dark streets e there are no trees and no gar- ? Even if they carried their rs away every night with none they would have served their e of making a bright garden e day among the bricks and e. And I wonder how long it be before they found buyers, those parts where now no uld ever think of spending n flowers? You have only to icycles coming back on Sun- ings from the country with ches of flowers tied on the r handle-bars to realise how vers are prized among those ld never think of going flower-shop. In the end nthropist who had tried make a thousand little the London streets might ie had started a profitable

BY JACK GORDGE

STAGE FRIGHT!



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JUNE—AND ROSES

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *June* 6.

DEAR COUSIN—

So this is June. Yes, it's been June before and will be again, I suppose, but somehow . . . . Somehow always there's a fresh new magic in that word which makes one feel positively almost sort of intoxicated every time with the heady fragrance of it, its rich and perfumed promise of exquisite things. The first real breath of Summer it means, and Summer at its youngest, too, and most vivid and unspoilt. Summer as a kind of flapper, in fact—which, by the way, there's been a lot of talk about that word lately, hasn't there? and they've decided apparently that it really means a little duck, which sounds rather nice and not altogether inappropriate in this case anyway, what?

卐

Such a lovely word June, too, is not it?—and words really are, come to think of it, most terribly important, aren't they? Sometimes almost as important as things and even more so. After all, it's words that make the world go round, and it'd be just an L of a place without them, wouldn't it? as some wit once ingeniously remarked. Just think, *par exemple*, how dull Life'd be if we really lived it on the principle of "deeds not words," according to the ancient and fortunately more or less forgotten slogan. All primitive sort of He-Man stuff it'd be, wouldn't it?—just eating and drinking and fighting and so on. And choosing the right word makes all the diff. too—just like having your food made into dainty meals instead of chewing it off raw in chunks.

The Horse Show at Olympia

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And somehow so very *English* roses do seem to make one feel, together with this month that is the special appurtenance thereof. And how lovely to be English, not in the old John Bull-ish way that some one of our enemies once invented, but because of the rather brilliant and charming nation we really are, though, as often happens with the best people, rather straight and simple minded. Wherefore when aforesaid envious rivals painted us as something singularly solid and matter-of-fact, and indexed us like they do in those too terribly sprightly "confessions" of the actors and actresses we sometimes read about on our "magazine programmes" in those boring intervals at the theatres— —

Cocktails are healthy for us

What is your favourite dish?
Roast Beef.
What is your favourite hobby?
Empire-building.
What is your pet aversion?
Ideas.

When they labelled (not to say libelled) us like that, we not only let it pass in our large and tolerant way, but positively even began almost to believe in it ourselves.

卐

Just shows, you know, what Johann Bojer once called in that so strange and striking book of his, "The Power of a Lie." Seeing that, in truth and sooth, we're just utterly and completely different from this stolid, self-satisfied and unemotional creature they invented for the propaganda purps of that day. Immensely sensitive we are really, and ever so much more so than the French, who are as hard as nails under that surface coating of emotion, and the Germans that flop over with sentiment and bomb you next minute, or the Italians who are so picturesque and so wellnigh incredibly cruel to animals.

A campaign in Italy against short frocks

卐

As Mr. Ernest Raymond says, who wrote that marvellous book, "Tell England," and isn't a whole-hog prejudiced Anglophile, not by *no* means he isn't—the Englishman is a creature of remarkable sensibility and emotion, a most gifted animal. . . . He has always been the finest poet in Europe, a dramatist luxuriant and untamable, to whom the French and Germans have despaired of teaching reticence and restraint . . . his novels have always surged with such gusto, sentiment, loud laughter and grim tragedy as to break through all control of the Continental ideas of detachment and decorum. . . . And would have been one of Europe's finest musicians too (says Mr. Raymond) only they told him he didn't care for good music, and said it so often that he believed it and it's come true. Once more the power of words, what?

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Though not, of course, always omnipotent, especially when purveyors of same contradict each other so terribly as they sometimes do. As, *e.g.*, that little harmless (or otherwise) cocktail habit which is more or less universal, you'd think, and most particularly popular, perhaps, on a Sunday morning, when or if you've been out

walking in the Park and float into a convenient party, or even make up one of your own for the consumption thereof. Whereat Mr. St. John Ervine, who's by way of being a dramatist and dramatic critic combined, and quite too fearfully clever and all that sort of thing, remarks cruelly and crushingly that cocktails are only fit for women and Americans, thereby attaining presumably the very nadir or zenith of condemnation and superior scornery. Whereas a doctor of some note, who also conceivably knows a bit about our innards, so to speak, remarks that cocktails not only don't do said internal works any harm, but good, besides "dispelling," as he so nicely puts it, "the worries of the day." So whichever *are* you to believe?

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THE YOUNG IDEA IN BEDFORDSHIRE

A group of children from Colonel and Mrs. Windham's "Home School" at Arlesey Bury, Bedfordshire, photographed in the grounds. Colonel Windham is a great grandson of John, 6th Duke of Bedford, and this charming school for children ranging from 4 to 14 years is famous for the predomination of the home atmosphere

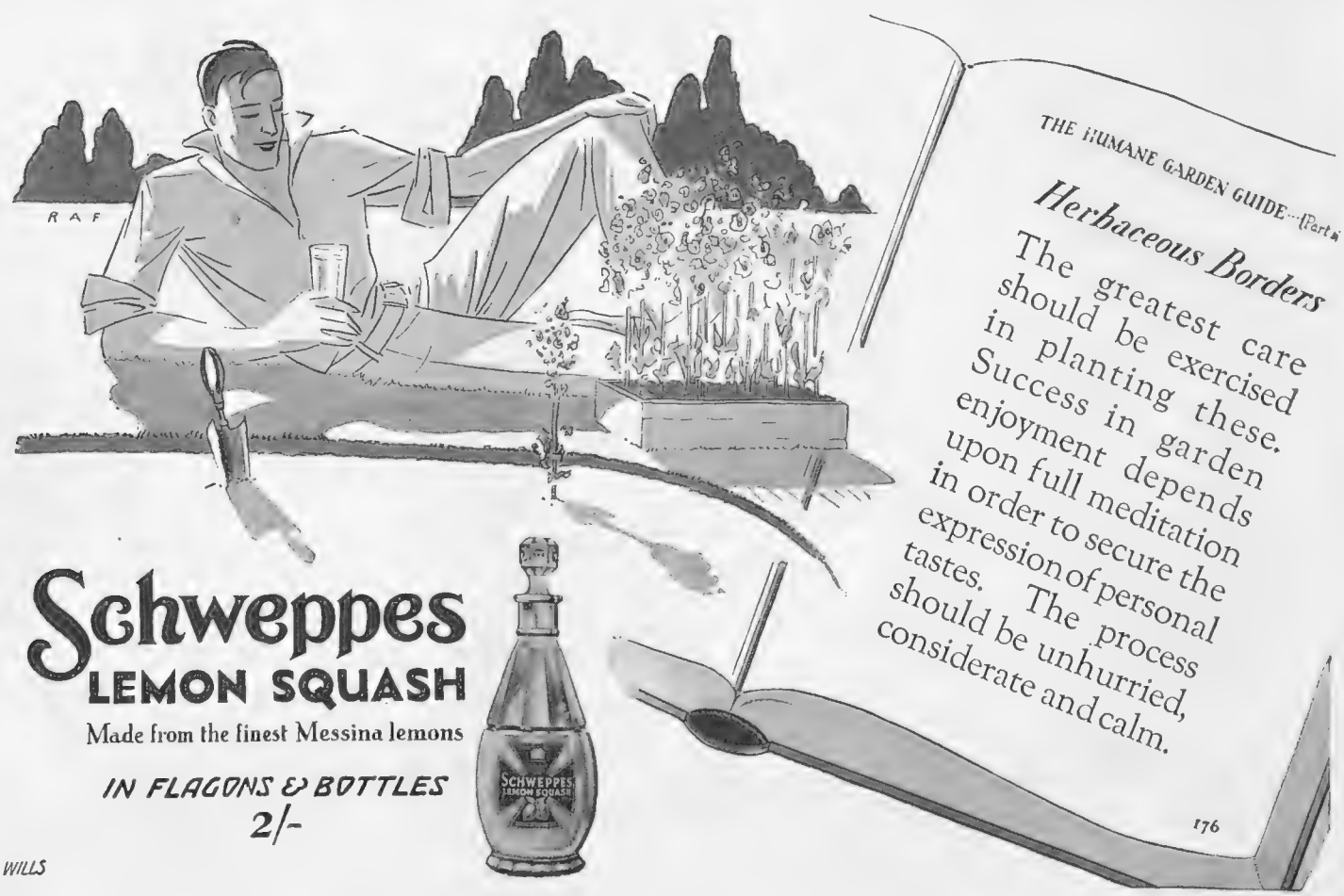
TALKING about which imports, quite lots and heaps more U.S. visitors just arrived in this lil' ole (though not, of course, God's own) country, and 'll have a great time, methinks, sampling some of our effete old English institutions this next week or so. As, *e.g.* and for instance, Richmond Horse Show this week, which is *toujours* one of the best honest-to-goodness affairs of the Season, with real tests and trials and things such as the proper horsy person loves, instead of the smart but possibly just a shade theatrical delights of next week's Horse Show at Olympia—where, by the way, they've just invented yet another nice new miniature competitish called the Handy Hunter Stakes, a sort of pocket Grand National, *on dit.*

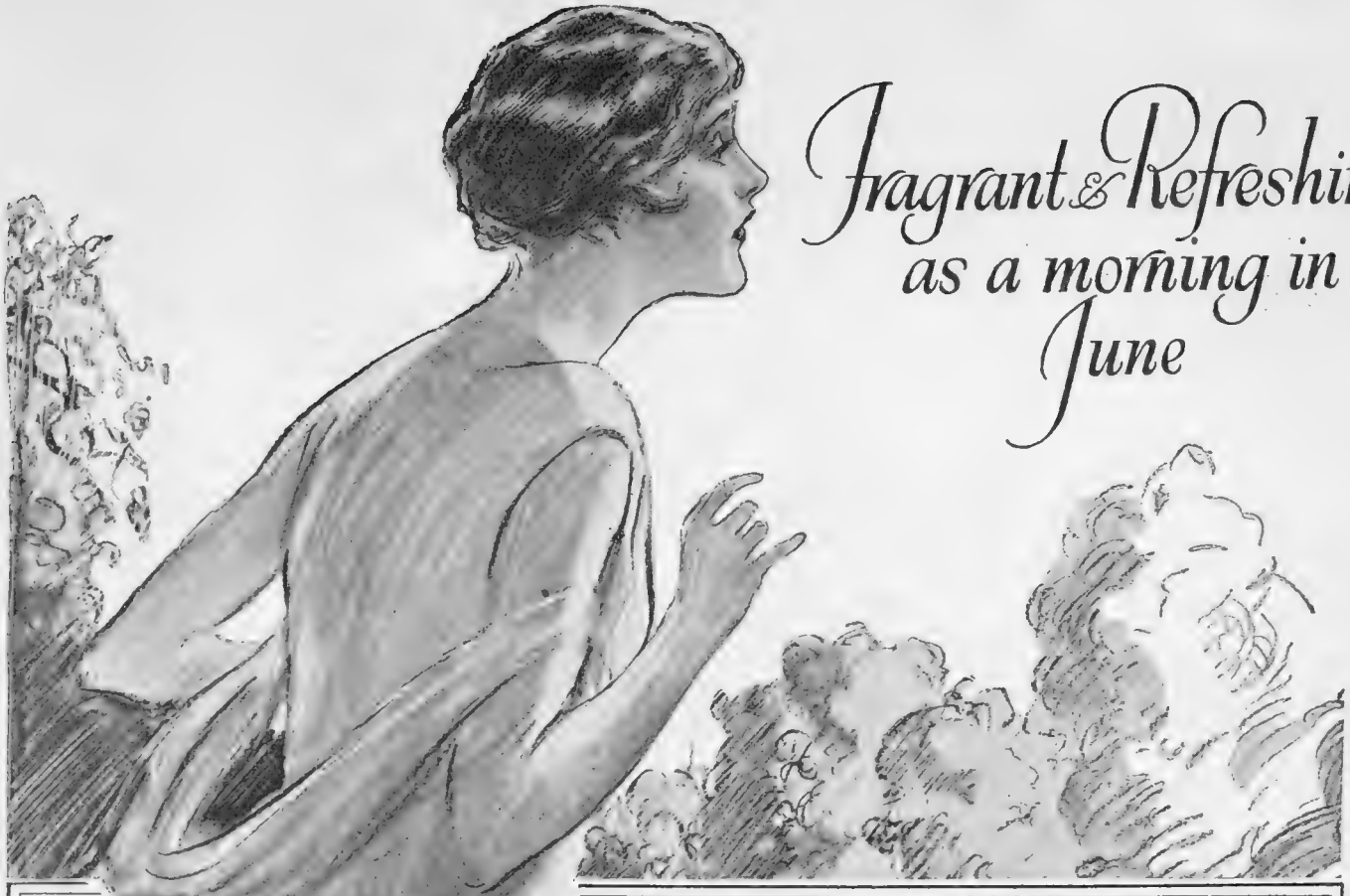
卐

ANTI campaigns going strong just now, by the way—I suppose it's a sign of summer and vigour and all that sort of thing, what? Italy's got one against nude stockings and short frocks (which everyone's evading, of course, like they do Prohibition across the way), and even *chez nous,* I hear someone's talking about starting a Society of Independent Dress for all women of over thirty, members whereof are compelled, or rather condemned, to wear "suitable, sensible clothes." Suitable, sensible clothes, mark you—can't you see them, and see it being done by "women *over thirty,*" poor *passées* and altogether *rangées* dears (I don't think).

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.





Fragrant & Refreshing as a morning in June

HOW deliciously cool and dainty some women look on the hottest day. They carry with them an air of charm and daintiness. Daintiness is more than mere cleanliness. The ordinary bath is not enough—the activities of walking, tennis, golf, dancing, or mere casual movements on a warm day are all attended by a general lassitude and tired feeling.

DAINTINESS requires anticipation of these—and precaution against them.

This is a simple matter ; use '4711' Eau-de-Cologne, daily and often.

THE MORNING.

Pour in the bath some '4711,' this gives the water a tonal quality that makes it so refreshing and invigorating to the skin.

OCCASIONALLY DURING THE DAY. Use '4711' every time you wash your face and hands, you cannot over-use it. Pour a few drops in the toilet water, then rinse the face, arms and neck. While not only thoroughly cleaning the skin, it will refresh you, also renew your daintiness and charm for the rest of the day. By using '4711' constantly—you can keep your skin soft, smooth and cool during the hottest days of the summer.

Get a bottle of '4711' to-day and keep it on your bathroom shelf. Preferably obtain another bottle for your dressing table, and a small watch shaped bottle to carry in the handbag for emergencies to inhale in case of headache or faintness.

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MALAY TO PICCADILLY

DOG DOCTORS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

VIRTUE brings its own penalties, and our Kennel Club is peculiarly liable to them by reason of the comprehensive efficiency of its organisation and the energy and courtesy of its Secretary. The reader of these Notes (in the Malay States) who wants this writer to get the K.C. to buy her "a few really good Dogs, Pekingese and Griffons, to be fit to Show by the time I get home"; and to board and lodge them meanwhile, is hereby respectfully requested to engage another intermediary. While no shrinking wood violet, "The Kennelman" hasn't nerve enough for this job. But he sees no objection to endorsement of another suggestion which, in different forms, has reached him several times from different quarters.

This is that two classified lists be kept for the ready reference of overseas visitors and other enquirers at the Club's headquarters, 84, Piccadilly; one of breeders of light and leading in every county and of every well-known variety who generally have stock to dispose of; and another of duly vetted and approved books dealing with Dogs generally and with specified breeds, including, of course, books giving practical guidance in the feeding, training, doctoring, breeding, and showing of Dogs. An annually revised doggy bibliography would—to judge from "The Kennelman's" postbag—be an invaluable boon. Regarding the list of breeders, the enquirer who knows his way about can generally find what he wants in the Kennel Club Stud Book for the year; but the suggested list would be very helpful. In each variety the name and address of the Secretary of the specialist club concerned should figure.

The King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught are among those who have contributed to the fund for the rebuilding of the Royal Veterinary College; and all good Dog-keepers who can manage it ought to do likewise—accompanying their donation with a respectful suggestion for the institution of a special veterinary degree for canine specialists—either sex; to be granted only to the thoroughly qualified, but without demand for that study and experience of cattle and horse doctoring which is, of course, essential for the ordinary veterinary degree. Genuine, officially qualified canine specialists, women as well as men, are wanted in every large centre; and—be it said with all respect to a fine and honourable profession—it would be absurd to suggest that every established user of the magic letters R.C.V.S. is in the specialist sense a Dog doctor. Make a note, by the way, of the fact that there will be a big Dog Show in aid of the R.C.V.S. fund in October—27th and 28th.

It's quite a mistake to affirm that Dogs belong to two distinct types, the domestic and the sporting, or even—necessary official nomenclature to the contrary notwithstanding—sporting and non-sporting. Given a fair chance, almost all Dogs are sportsmen. It is absurd to say that folk who live in suburbs, for example, should never keep a Dog of one of the recognised sporting breeds; still more absurd to suggest that all such big breeds as Great Danes must be regarded as beyond their reach. There are little fellows who feel the restrictions of urban life far more than many of the giants; and thousands of Dogs of sporting breeds live very happy lives in suburban surroundings—granted a garden, and intelligence in their human associates. The least suitable Dog for urban life is the *individual specimen* of a sporting or working strain who has been trained to sport or work in the country.

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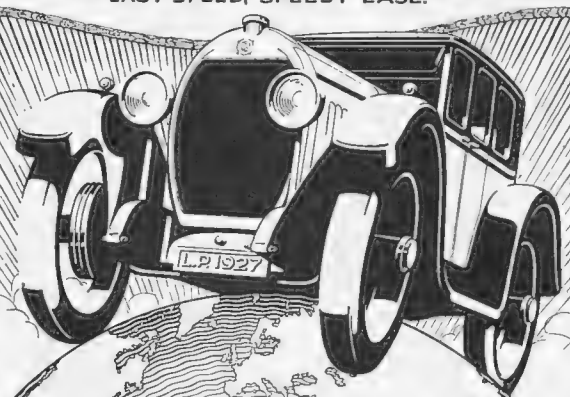

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"Men with WILLS of their own."

Said Mr. Gold to Mr. Flake—

"Fine sight, a crowd of British Sportsmen, Mr. Flake."
"What makes you say that, Mr. Gold?"
"Well, they're men with Wills of their own."
"Don't forget the Sportswomen, Mr. Gold."
"Certainly not, Mr. Flake. They've got WILLS of their own, too."

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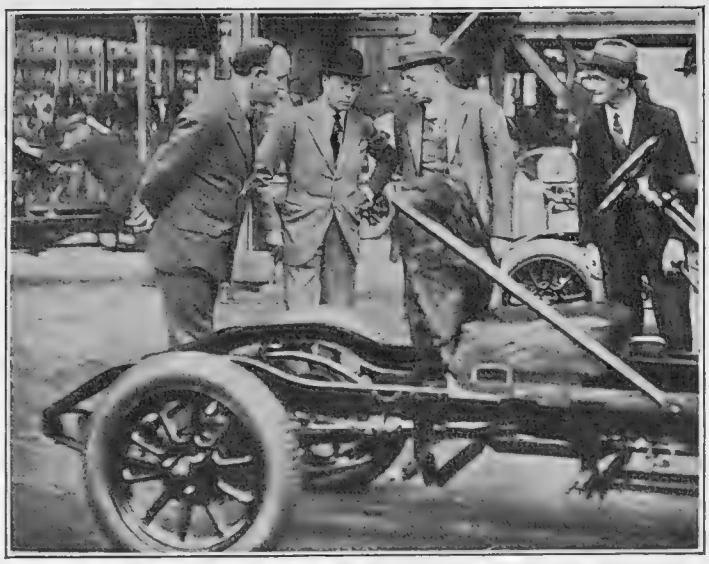
MOTOR NOTES



A ROYAL VISIT *Topical*

The Prince of Wales examining a chassis during his recent visit to the Morris Motor Works at Cowley. After the visit Mr. W. R. Morris, who is seen on the right, drove His Royal Highness back to Town in a Morris-Oxford car

Journalists often have to work at odd hours when the rest of the world is at the theatre or cabaret, and take their pleasures when the normal man has his nose to the grindstone. That may be why you so often hear them talk as if they had none. But it is a curious fact that to capture the true spirit of holidays is extraordinarily difficult on any day other than those which we have been brought up to regard as the legitimate holidays. To be able to indulge in an occasional joy ride in the open country on a Tuesday or Wednesday morning sounds doubly attractive to the city worker. But in practice it falls surprisingly flat. It is, of course, a relief in these congested days to find popular roads deserted—that is, compared with their state at week-ends. But the predominance of commercial vehicles in the traffic is a positive and constant reminder of the day of the week.

***

And the absence of others to share our hours of freedom is a negative factor of disappointment. It must be admitted that the spectacular environment of a crowd on holiday has a certain effect of exhilaration that is altogether missing on "business" days. On the great holidays of to-day you may have to take your place in a queue on the road. But if you are in no particular hurry and have the patience to "keep station," there is much of interest and amusement to see and hear. Then, when the time comes to seek peace and quiet, it is always possible to find some spot far from the madding crowd. On Easter Monday I purposely travelled on one of the most popular routes out of London. But for a picnic lunch and tea my party enjoyed as much seclusion as anyone could wish for—and this hardly half a mile off the main road. The secret is to have a good map, and know how to read it. The most useful map for general purposes—main road as well as by-way touring—is the half-inch-to-the-mile Ordnance Survey, in the finish known as "layer" colouring.

***

With characteristic enterprise Henlys, Ltd., are holding a somewhat novel rally and race meeting at Brooklands next Saturday, the 11th, starting at 2 p.m. While the events are mostly for Alvis cars, and admission is free to all Alvis owners and customers of Henlys, there are two events for any make of car, and the whole programme is calculated to attract owner-drivers and to appeal to the spectators. Two silver cups and a large number of valuable and useful prizes will be awarded to the first, second, and third finishers in each contest, and these will be presented at the Fork at 5 p.m. by the Earl of Cottenham. Incidentally, there will be music by first-class bands, and special provision for teas! Application for tickets admitting cars and passengers to the course should be made immediately to Henlys Ltd., 91, Great Port-

(*Continued on page* viii)

GRIEVOUS INJURIES FROM BROKEN GLASS

THE Motor Editor of "*Country Life*" (26-3-27) writes: "As a matter of fact, every man and woman will readily admit that broken glass constitutes the greatest of all motoring risks." Why not eliminate for ever this grave peril to your dear ones by fitting your car with *Triplex* Safety Glass?

Normal orders for *Triplex* can now be dispatched in 7-10 days.

DON'T BE PUT OFF—

Fit "TriplEX" and be Safe

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1; *also* The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America, Inc., 75, West St., New York

Extract from "The Cork Examiner," 4th October, 1926.

PITCHED THROUGH WIND-SCREEN

Mr. James [redacted] and his wife lie in a serious condition at the Midleton District Home

Accompanied by his wife, a little daughter, aged 3½ years, and a maid named May [redacted] a native of [redacted] Mr. James [redacted] was proceeding to Youghal in his Humber [redacted]-seater car. Seated in front was his wife, and in the back seat were his daughter and maid. At a spot called Loughaderra, which is situated about midway between Midleton and Castlemartyr, he was endeavouring to pass a motor car proceeding in the same direction, and in so doing his car swerved in some unaccountable manner, and to save a collision with the other vehicle, he jammed on the brakes quickly, with the result that both Mr. [redacted] and wife were pitched right through the wind-screen, receiving several injuries to the head and body as the result of coming into contact with the broken glass.

The maid and daughter were both thrown on to the road, and were fortunate in escaping with a few scratches and bruises, which are not of a serious nature.

Kennington Service.

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12/28 h.p., 1,496 c.c., Tax £12. Lucas magneto and 12 v. electrical equipment, petrol consumption 30/35 m.p.g., max. speed 55 m.p.h.

12 CLYNO models to choose from, including:-

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11 h.p. four-seater £172 10s.
11 h.p. Standard Saloon £199 10s.
12/28 h.p. four-seater £220
12/28 h.p. four-door Saloon £250

Clyno World Exporters,

ROOTES, LTD

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

BIRMINGHAM (George Heath Limited) MAIDSTONE DORKING ROCHESTER WROTHAM

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Wakefield Castrol

will add power and reliability to your engine, while reducing wear and carbonisation to the minimum.

OVER 200 Leading Motor Manufacturers endorse this statement by recommending you to use this world-famous lubricant—the product of an All-British Firm. The grade recommended for your needs is shown on the Wakefield Chart at any leading Garage or Service Station. For your home garage, order a drum from your local agent, and on the road buy from the Wakefield Branded Cabinets at our recommended price of 1/6 per quart for CASTROL "CW" or "AA," 1/8 for CASTROL "C," and 1/10 for CASTROL "XL."

Although an Aristocrat, Wakefield CASTROL will mix with other oils; but naturally for 100% efficiency you should use only CASTROL. Try CASTROL to-day and you will then realize why so many Motor Manufacturers recommend it.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

The
NEW SAFETY
STUTZ

Consistently the Car of the future

The Symbol of Safety

The Safest and Most Advanced Car in the World (Prices from £995)

Warwick Wright Ltd

150 New Bond Street, W.1.
(Mayfair 2904)

A STANDARD IN GWALIOR
Col. Sir Appaji Rao Sitole, who is one of many "Standard" owners in India, photographed in his 14-28 h.p. touring model. He is 1st Sirdar of Gwalior

land Street, W.1. (or branches), or to the Alvis Car and Engineering Co., Ltd., Coventry.

***

MR. R. T. NICHOLSON, editor of "The Book of the Ford" and other similar volumes, has now written "The Book of the Austin Seven," on the care and maintenance of that very popular little car. This is dealt with from the point of view of the owner-driver and amateur, and within these limitations every branch of maintenance is most completely covered. In his preface Mr. Nicholson points out that the Austin Company is not responsible for the book, though it has checked the contents and given him many valuable items of information which have been embodied in it. The publishers are the Gregg Publishing Co., Ltd., of 36, Kingsway, W.C.2, and the price 2s. 6d.

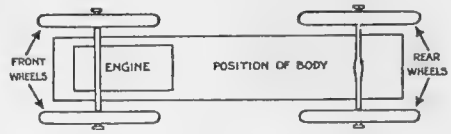
***

WHEN one sees the great number of new motorists on the road to-day one's thoughts often turn to those heroes who had the task of teaching them. It is not until the pupil reaches the stage of being able to take charge that the real nerve strain comes for the teacher. It should be impressed on the learner at this stage that he is not an expert, however happy he feels in his progress. It is said that, as a rule, a girl makes a splendid pupil at first, with very much more lively interest than a man reveals, but that later on, when it becomes necessary to concentrate and learn the whys and wherefores, she lacks the power (or is it the inclination?).

E. M. WRIGHT.

A New "Hush Hush" Car

"THE Ford Motor Co. desire to make an important pronouncement . . . ." Such was the beginning of a telegraphed invitation to lunch issued to the Press a few days back. The luncheon was held, and, amidst dead silence, the Chairman rose to make his eagerly awaited "pronouncement." Every pen and pencil was waiting impatiently to "tell the world" the details of the new and wonderful creation of Henry Ford's. THE BYSTANDER, always to the front in enthusiasm for something new and novel, provided it is good, is more than a little pleased to give these details to its readers. Every word uttered by the Chairman as introductory to his speech was noted carefully, and, more important still, no single technical detail of the new car described was missed. The simple diagram below describes exactly *all* the details disclosed at this urgently called and well-attended meeting of the motor Press.



Interesting Price Reductions

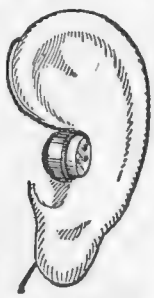
As a direct result of economical production at their works at Slough, Citroën Cars, Ltd., announce considerable reductions in prices, to take effect immediately. The cheapest model is now a fully-equipped 12-24 h.p. two-seater with dickey and front wheel brakes at £178, compared with the previous price of £190. Other models are reduced in proportion:—12-24 h.p. four-seater, £185 from £195; four-door saloon, £220 from £240; also 11.4 h.p. four-door saloon, £198 from £210, all with front wheel brakes.

ONLY JUST INTRODUCED — SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW

Hearing that is a wondrous revelation even to those whose deafness is acute.

Astonishing results from the smallest, lightest, neatest and least conspicuous of all aids for the

DEAF



Hundreds of sufferers are experiencing a new thrill at the unprecedented clarity, crispness and ease with which *all sounds within the scope of normal ears* reach them just as if they had never been deaf at all.

THE "SHELLACON"—A MARVEL IN MINIATURE

gives enormous volume of pure, natural sound, positively free from all buzzing or extraneous noises; can be instantly regulated to suit all degrees of deafness; leaves the hands entirely free; the hair unruffled by any headband and the ear clear from any bulky, uncomfortable or conspicuous earpiece.

Deafness can now be hidden from others and actually forgotten by the sufferer.

That is no exaggeration. It is the actual experience of the host of deaf men and women who are daily calling and being given individual and private free tests of the "Shellacon." Many bring their friends, some their doctors, others call at the recommendation of leading ear specialists. They are all equally charmed with the new and promising prospect of *permanent good hearing*, free from strain, free from embarrassment, free from any future expense worth consideration.

WHAT ABOUT THE HEARING AIDS YOU HAVE ALREADY TRIED?

Above all things, do not judge what they have or have not done for your hearing in the past. To do so is a mistake that may postpone indefinitely all the happiness that restored hearing will bring to you. The "Shellacon" is different to all other instruments; it is the very latest invention and is made *not on mass production lines*, but as every accurate scientific instrument should be made, viz., individually by skilled workers practised in delicate aural productions.

WHAT THE "SHELLACON" MEANS TO YOU PERSONALLY

1. It means giving yourself the incomparable gift of good hearing, and your friends the greatest surprise and pleasure at your being able to listen to all they say, and being able to enjoy music, sermons, and theatrical performances.

2. It will mean that you can travel about by yourself, enquire your way, be free from the danger of not hearing warning sounds, hear the front door bell, and no longer be looked upon as one who should not be left alone.

3. It means that you can go out to bridge, to dinners and other social functions, *and enjoy them all as others do*, because no one need detect that you are really deaf, and you will be free from the embarrassment of making mistakes in conversation, and the fatigue that *straining* to hear every word now imposes on you.

4. It means enjoying, perhaps for the first time in many, many years, that contentment, comprehensible only to the deaf, which perfect hearing brings, and that inexpressible delight of once again "being as others are."

SHELLACON

Made exclusively by General Acoustics, Ltd.

77, WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: Mayfair 1557.

FREE TESTS.

When calling for a Free Test please ask for our special Demonstrator in private Suite No. 6—the excellently appointed rooms in the largest building in the world devoted exclusively to aiding the deaf. If you cannot call, write for full particulars to Suite No. 6.

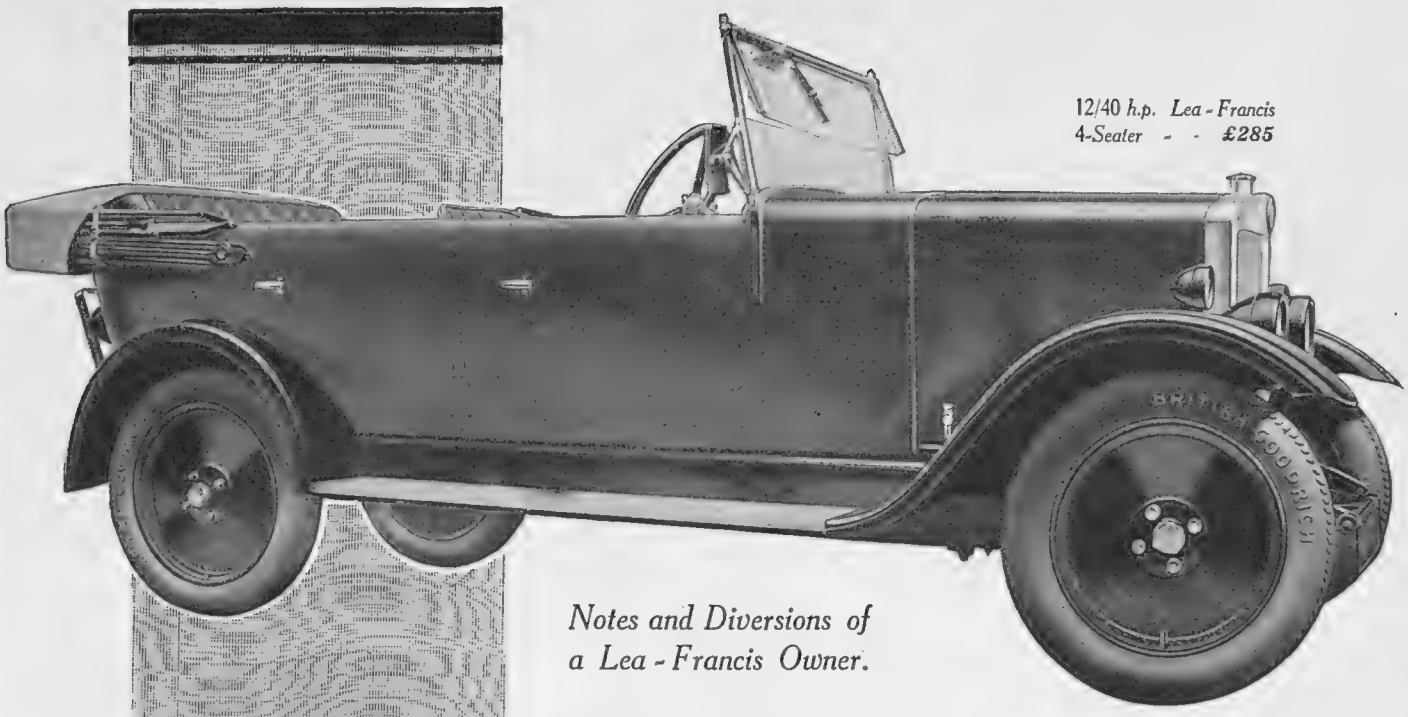
BRANCHES 14, St. Ann's Square, Manchester; 66½, Corporation St., Birmingham; 75 Buchanan St., Glasgow; 19, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh.

BY APPOINTMENT

"Bid them Prepare for Dinner"

Merchant of Venice.

Cerebos SALT



Notes and Diversions of a Lea-Francis Owner.

CARS from £210

HANDSOME is as handsome does, but that is a rotten proverb if it makes efficiency an excuse for ugliness. The Lea-Francis is so reliable that one half expects the sort of dowdiness that belongs often to steady-going people.

But the pep that makes her engine such a miracle of liveliness seems to have got into her lines. Kipling said "the liner, she's a lady," and that is true of the Lea-Francis. There is no straining after an amusing design, with an odd-shaped bonnet and what not. The current motto for art in industry is "Fitness for Purpose." The purpose of the Lea-Francis is never to let down her owner, to get there every time and to be quick about it, and she looks and is fit for that purpose.

Moreover, she looks an English craftsman's job, and is. Englishness is a great quality in most things, and not least in a car. The Lea-Francis looks English, bless her.

LEA-FRANCIS

10 h.p. Models from	£210
12 h.p. Models from	£285
12/40 h.p. Sports Models from	£370
14/40 h.p., 6-cylinder, 5-seater	£395
Model-de-Luxe ..	£425
Saloon	£550

Deferred payments and part exchanges can be arranged.

Over 100 awards have been secured by Standard Lea-Francis cars in open competition, including SPECIAL AWARD BY THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB in their 1,000 miles small car trial for Hill Climbing, Constant Reliability and Condition after trial.

LEA & FRANCIS LIMITED, COVENTRY

London Showrooms: 118, GT. PORTLAND STREET, W.1.

Telephone: Museum 8720.

Like the thrill of a lingering kiss, the subtle allure of Paris lies wrapt in Fétiche—garnered with fairy hands to express the mystic charm of Eve—and awaiting her adoration.

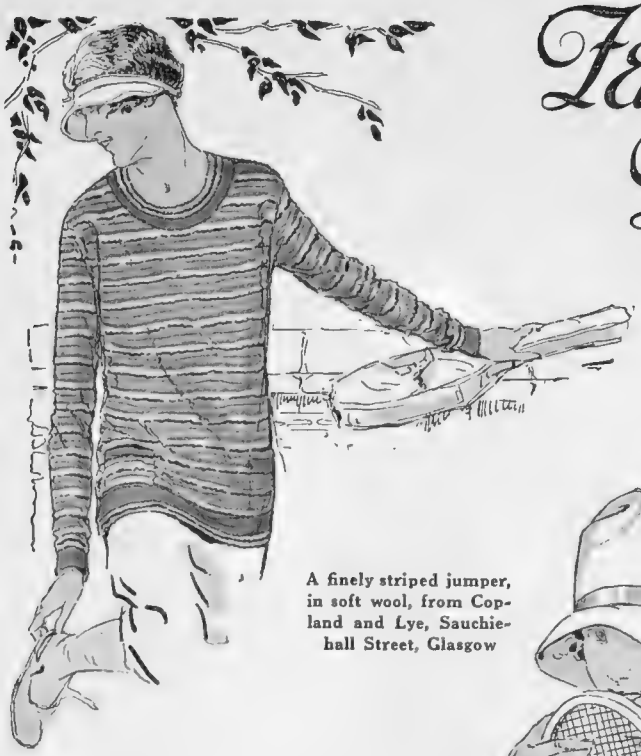
Fétiche

PERFUME - - - 5/- & 7/6
(handsome crystal-glass bottle)
FACE POWDER - - 2/6 per box
TWIN COMPACTE - - 4/6 „ „
(incl. lovely shades of Rouge for Brunette or Blonde)
LIPSTICK - - - 2/6
TOILET POWDER - - 3/6
TOILET SOAP (box of 3 Tabs) 6/-

L. T. Piver Paris

Fashion's Fancies

By THÉRÈSE



A finely striped jumper, in soft wool, from Copland and Lye, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow

A smart sleeveless cardigan, of periwinkle-blue artificial silk wool, for tennis wear from Messrs. Copland and Lye, Glasgow

THE girl who plays tennis desires, and rightly too, to look her smartest on the courts. For some time past the all-white outfit has been surrounded with rivals; nevertheless it maintains its supremacy. It is, however, sometimes lined with pink, which is a great advantage. Some of the skirts have knickers attached; at other times they are separate. The soft pastel beige is still seen, and this latter shows to especial advantage against the background of silvery Thames and garden at Phyllis Court Club. A favourite material much in use is that particular species of artificial silk that gives the appearance on the surface of being velvet. A number of the girl tennis players wear over their stockings light-coloured socks. To be correct the "heads" of the sock must be turned over after the style of a man's golfing footwear. I have seen one girl player wearing socks minus stockings, but it is doubtful if in our variable climate such a fashion will become universal. The majority of tournament players continue to wear, in preference to a hat, the "eye-shade," introduced originally, I believe, by Miss Helen Wills; or a wide, jazz-coloured or pastel-shaded bandeau. Where hats are worn for games they are as severely plain as possible. I saw some most original bags the other day eminently suitable for country or sports wear. They were of the flat *pochette* shape, and embroidered in wool in the most attractive designs, one in particular being worked to resemble an old-world sampler.

Sports Jumpers and Cardigans

COPLAND AND LYE, of Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, are showing some original cardigans and jumpers for the sports girl. The jumper sketched above on the left is of soft wool, finely striped in red, black, white and grey. An effective contrast is afforded by a red hem around the circular neck, and at the wrists, pockets and bottom of jumper. The sleeveless cardigan, on the right, of periwinkle-blue wool, is ornamented with artificial silk in an attractive lace stitched design of mingled shrimp, pink and grey shadings. The price is only 16s. 11d. This firm have jumpers in pure spun silk. One, in particular, of this material has the very last word in Eton collars in effective stripes, and is priced at 49s. 11d. Readers who do not reside in Glasgow and wish to own one of these original jumpers or cardigans may do their shopping equally well by post, for Copland and Lye will be delighted to forward a selection on approval.

Smart and attractive sports hats, sketched at Robert Heath, Knightsbridge. A novel feature of the one at the top is that it will fold into the compass of a hand-bag

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

That Slim Outline

FOR the women possessing matronly figures it is by no means easy to attain the *slim outline* that Fashion decrees and modern dress demands. It becomes a matter of necessity, therefore, for them to pay the utmost heed to the style of corset they wear. Madame Lee, of 6, Elm Grove, Southsea, is a corset specialist, and those desirous of obtaining the right model will be wise to consult her. She studies her clients' figures until she succeeds in achieving the most becoming effect. She will send models on approval, and also specialises in copying clients' patterns and in cleaning and repairing.

A "Suzanne" Model for the Sports Girl

A MOST popular model is the "Madame Lee Suzanne Front Lacing Corset," which, as the title denotes, is primarily intended for sports wear, and whilst giving the wearer the beneficial comfort of support yet is so constructed that it permits perfect freedom of movement. Another popular model, by cleverly emphasising the slim outline, is ideal for full figures.

Becoming and Original Sports Hats

ROBERT HEATH, of Knightsbridge, are, as as everyone knows, specialists in sports hats, and realise the importance of making such in as light a weight as possible. The tennis hat at the top of this page was sketched in their showrooms, and is of white felt. The crown can be dented

Bassano

The Lady Mayoress, Lady Blades, and her twin daughters, Margaret and Elizabeth, in their lovely Court gowns designed and carried out by Jays, Regent Street

into any shape its owner fancies, but the unique advantage attached to this particular model, and one that will especially appeal to the sports girl, is the fact that after the game is over the hat can be quite easily rolled into her handbag or the pocket of her sports coat. For those who are tired of felt hats this firm have another excellent model of somewhat similar shape, but made in silk and hemp vari-coloured straw, which also folds up into a sufficiently small compass to fit into its owner's pocket.

A Felt Hat with a Novel Trimming

THE smart felt hat with the becoming high dented crown and adaptable brim, sketched on page xi., came from the same firm, and is obtainable in the fashionable beige colour, and a range of other shades. The base of the crown is cut up to form an open-work design over a band of calfskin, an original touch that enhances the altogether smart effect of this model.

Twin Débutantes at the First Court

THE first Court of the season, held on Empire Day, May 24, at Buckingham Palace, was a brilliant and imposing spectacle. Amongst the *débutantes* presented on this occasion were the Misses Margaret and Elizabeth Blades, the young twin daughters of the Lord and Lady Mayoress, who are seen above with their mother, Lady Blades. Jays, of Regent Street, W.1, were responsible for their gowns of white georgette. Softly swathed belts of the same material gave a long-waisted effect to the bodices, and the skirts hung in graceful handkerchief points, edged with broad bands of silver-embroidered lace that was introduced again in long panels on the georgette trains. Lady Blades wore a regal-looking gown of the new coral shade in chiffon velvet, likewise carried out by Jays. An original effect was given by the fringe of silver bugles that drooped in a design of graceful cascades down the skirt and long bodice. Her train was composed of velvet and silver tissue, overlaid with delicate *ruched* net, and depended from the shoulders by silver tassels and cords hung an exquisite lace cape.

Orchids of Goose Feathers

I PAID a visit the other day to "Jac," that very unique eighteenth century flower shop, situated in 1, St. Christopher's Place, W.1. "Jac" was among the pioneers in feather flowers, and has exhibited in the Paris Exhibition. He experimented for four years before he achieved his exquisite goose-feather orchids. One shoulder-spray I saw was a perfect replica of the orchid which children call "Goody Two-Shoes!" The "shoe" was the most delicately painted goose feathers, and one could even glimpse the feathery pollen on the stamen. These orchid sprays are so delicately made, and mounted in asparagus fern, that it is hard to credit human hands have ever touched them. He designs everything.

Something Unique in Table Decoration for the Dinner Hostess

ENGLISH and American hotesses who are seeking something unique this season in the way of table decoration for their dinner parties should get "Jac" to decorate their tables with some of his exquisitely coloured crystal flowers, which may be hired for these occasions. Hostesses who wish to bestow a souvenir on their guests might amplify the idea by presenting them with a crystal, or jewelled shoulder spray. He specialises in this novel form of floral decoration for dinner parties, and even provides the candlesticks, candles and shades to match his colour schemes.

A Marvellous Wrinkle Remover

MANY women have discovered in the famous Radium cream prepared by Caradium, of 174, New Bond Street, an ideal wrinkle remover. But the demand for this cream is not confined alone to England, and comes from all quarters overseas. It has proved a great boon to English people stationed in India, where the rigours of the hot climate so often play havoc with an English woman's delicate skin, making some appear years older than their actual age. Another popular preparation of Caradium is their hair restorer. It is important to realise that this is guaranteed not to be a dye! And further, that the process is so natural that detection is impossible, and a sudden transforma-

The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent is urged widely by dental authorities because of its unique powers.

The Film Danger

to which authoritative dental opinion ascribes many tooth and gum disorders

THAT MANY of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-colour" teeth, have a potential origin in a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It must be combated.

Dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bed-time. One can't expect glistening teeth and proper gum protection unless this be done regularly. And old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film.

So obtain Pepsodent—a special film removing dentifrice most dentists favour. It curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids that may cause decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums; thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern dental findings.

Accept Pepsodent Test

SEND THE coupon for 10-day tube. Note how thoroughly film is removed and teeth gradually lighter. Massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; gums should start to firm and take on a healthy coral tint.

FREE Mail Coupon for 10 day tube to THE PEPSODENT CO., (Dept. 153), 42, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.1. 2221

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family

Bystander, 8/6/27

Why endure agony?

THERE can be no tired, aching feet in PEDAPTA Shoes; let us show them to you TO-DAY.

It is difficult to realise that such beautiful shoes as PEDAPTA can afford such wonderful comfort, yet thousands of women have found it to be true.

The hidden spring is the secret! Inserted between the inner and outer soles is a light metal support for the foot arches, which keeps the ankles from turning over, and positively ensures perfect foot ease, even at the end of the longest day.

Have a foot specialist—not a mere shoe salesman fit you—TO-DAY, or if you cannot call, send for PEDAPTA "Foot Imprint" form which enables us to select for you the shoes you need.

55/-

There are also many attractive models at *29/6*

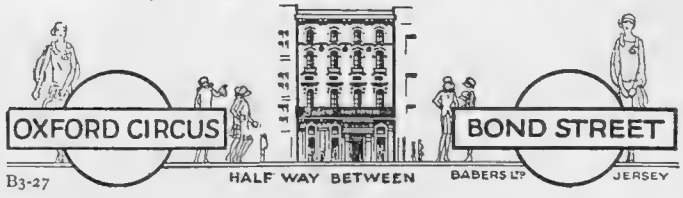
PEDAPTA

ARCH FITTING SHOE

only at

BABERS LTD

309, OXFORD ST.



B3-27

tion of colour is avoided, a fear that deters some people from having their grey hair treated. Another point to be stressed is the fact that this hair restorer is guaranteed not to damage, or discolour, your skin, bed linen, or towels. All the preparations made by this firm may be purchased at their headquarters in New Bond Street, or from any of the leading London stores.

TWO "SOUND" SUCCESSES SEEN BY THE CAMERA

Mlle. Mistinguett, the famous French actress, enjoying a quiet listen-in with her radio. The instrument is an Amplion Radiolux loud-speaker a tribute to the popular Parisienne's sense of discrimination

The Eclipse of the Sun

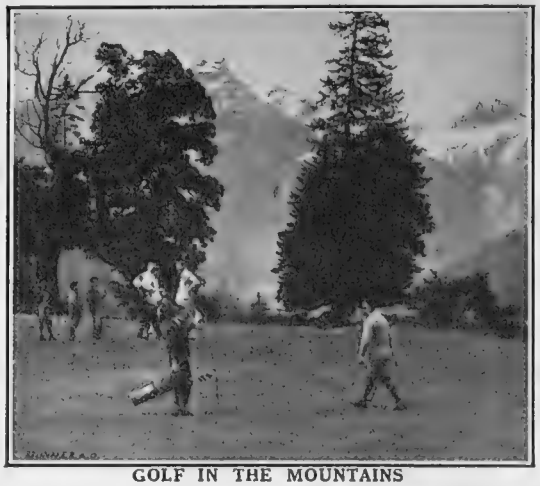
The London and North-Eastern Railway Company is making exceptional arrangements to enable passengers to see the total eclipse of the sun on June 29. Many of the trains passing the totality area of the Yorkshire Moors will be stopped in sidings and other out-of-the-way places, enabling passengers to detrain direct on to the moors. Cloakrooms and unattached restaurant cars will be stationed at these places, and breakfasts will be obtainable. Special trains will leave London and various towns in the North for the eclipse area.

A Handsome Presentation

Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of Regent Street, made the silver Chippendale tray recently presented to Mr. Ian Macpherson on his relinquishing the position of Secretary to the Association of British Advertising Agents, Incorporated, to take up legal work. The tray bears the inscription: "The Association of British Advertising Agents, grateful for the brilliant and devoted service of Ian Macpherson, salutes him and wishes him God-speed. May 19, 1927," and on its reverse side the signature of some sixty subscribers. Mr. Macpherson was also given an edition of Emerson's works.

A Preventive for Rheumatism

There are a number of people who fail to realise the ill effects caused by rheumatism, and who are apt to treat it lightly as a complaint only for the elderly. This is very far from being the case, however. There are many young children, victims of this dread disease, which is caused primarily by an excess of uric acid in the blood corpuscles. The first step towards counteracting this evil is to keep the child's blood in a pure and healthy condition, and a remedy that experience has proven most beneficial in this respect is Dinneford's pure Fluid Magnesia. It is an antiseptic, as well as a preventive remedy, and if taken regularly each morning will provide an effective bulwark against the acids secreted in the body, and which produce the eventual rheumatism. Quite a number of young girls nowadays are sufferers, too, from acne, which, again, arises from the same cause, and which could be prevented likewise if the blood were kept stimulated and healthy. Apart from the unsightly effect produced by these pimples, there is the possible danger that the acne, if uncured, may leave the girl's face permanently marked. It is surely worth while, therefore, to take the comparatively small trouble of drinking a daily wineglassful of Dinneford's Magnesia.



GOLF IN THE MOUNTAINS

A corner of the golf course at Engleberg. It is high up in the Central Alps in central Switzerland

VISIT

LUCERNE

The Great Sport and Society Centre of Switzerland.

CASINO. GOLF. TENNIS. HORSE SHOWS. REGATTAS.

Information from the GENERAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, LUCERNE.

"SEYMOUR" GOLF BALL.
A wonderful flying ball covered with an indestructible shell. Latest model. Mesh marking
Direct to Public, 15/- dozen, post free.
Money back guarantee.
B. SEYMOUR, 58, Cheapside, E.C.2.

TROUVILLE S/M

Now Open
HOTEL BELLEVUE
(Entirely renovated)

THE FAMOUS RESTAURANT
"A LA SOLE NORMANDE"
(Opposite Casino and Sea)

Opens July 1st
HOTEL DES ROCHES NOIRES
(Right on the Beach)

ROWLAND'S is an absolute necessity for the HAIR

MACASSAR OIL

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.

SIR HENRY LUNN, LTD.
PARIS. LONDON. NEW YORK.
Established 1896.
TOURS & CRUISES EVERYWHERE.
PRICES FOR ALL PURSES.
BELGIAN COAST. 14 Days from £7 11 6
SWISS LAKES. 10 Days' Tour from £8 18
GRENOBLE AND MOTOR THROUGH FRENCH ALPS, £16 16
INNSBRUCK AND TYROL. 13 Days' Tour, £13 13
Great variety of Tours with choice of Hotels described in SUMMER BOOKLET, 1927, 144 pages, Post free from Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, W.C.1

Grey Hair
EVAN WILLIAMS Tunisian Henna
It's safe

Wave AND Curl WITH
Hindes Hair Wavers
YOUR Shingled Hair

Holidays
in
DENMARK
SWEDEN
&
NORWAY
via
Harwich-Esbjerg

Each Week-day
from London (Liverpool St. Stn.) 7.42 p.m.

Cheap Tickets for
August Bank
Holiday

Full information and tickets from United Shipping Co., Ltd., 108, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 3; The Danish Tourist Bureau, Ltd., 33, Haymarket, S.W. 1; or other Principal Tourist Offices.

The Home Beautiful
ARTISTIC
Good Quality Upholstery
A LARGE RANGE OF MODELS ALWAYS ON VIEW
THE "CANTERBURY" CHAIR

COVERED in a beautiful Block Print at 7/3 per yd., in various colours. Double sprung seat, sprung arms and back, stuffed ALL HAIR. Width over all 2 ft. 7 ins.; depth over all 2 ft. 9 ins.; height over all 2 ft. 7 ins.; height of seat 1 ft. 4 ins. In plain lining, £5 19 6
Covered in "Canterbury Bell" Cretonne, as illustration,
£8 8s. 0d.

WRITE FOR OUR BOOK 'THE HOME BEAUTIFUL' ILLUSTRATING HUNDREDS OF PIECES OF FURNITURE OF ALL DESCRIPTION, WHICH MAY BE PURCHASED BY THE MOST CONVENIENT PAYMENTS OVER 12, 24, or 36 MONTHS, ACCORDING TO AMOUNT.

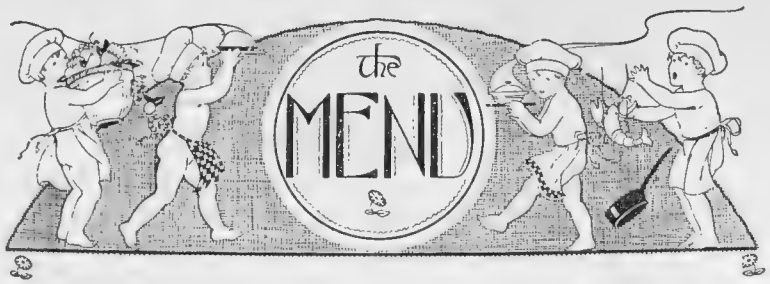
Williamson & Cole
HIGH STREET CLAPHAM, S.W.4 LTD

Talk about GO!

He's on the run all the time. Nobody knows what he'll be up to next. From the moment he scrambles from the breakfast table until — reluctantly — he obeys the summons "off to bed, son." And away he's bundled to the bathroom, where grubby knees and hands are made pink again. What a glowing, healthy, tired-but-happy cherub it is who is finally tucked up after his bath with

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet. Bath size 10d. per tablet.



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CROUSTADES.
CASSOLETTES MERINGUES.
CHICKEN SOUFFLÉ.
MACARONI QUENELLES.
VEAL CUTLETS AND TOMATO SAUCE.

Croustades

CUT a slice of bread two inches thick off a stale loaf, stamp out rounds with a pastry cutter, and again stamp these rounds with a smaller cutter to within half an inch of the base; turn the cutter round two or three times so that the crumb in the middle can easily be removed, then fry in plenty of hot fat till of a golden brown, turn the cases upside down, on paper, and dry them in the oven or by the side of the fire before using.

Cassolettes Meringues

After having fried the croustades a delicate golden colour brush the tops with a little warm butter, and then dip them into minced parsley and coralline pepper. Meanwhile, cut up the remains of any cold cooked chicken or meat (veal will do excellently) into very small pieces, and heat these in any good thick sauce, white or brown, according to the meat you use; fill up the cases with this, and pile up on each stiffly whipped white of egg, sprinkling this with a little minced parsley, grated cheese, pepper and salt. Then put them in the oven long enough to stiffen the egg, but not to colour it.

Chicken Soufflé

Pound the white meat of a boiled chicken (about 3 oz.) as fine as possible, and mix with it half a pint of milk, three well-beaten eggs, a little bruised onion, pepper, salt, a trifle of cayenne and mace. Put the whole into a well-buttered mould, tie it down with a cloth, steam it like an ordinary custard pudding. It should be kept quite upright, and when turned out on the dish pour some well-seasoned gravy round. Button mushrooms or minced truffles can be added in mixing the pudding. Rabbits or sweetbreads may be used instead of chicken.

Macaroni Quenelles

Take 1 oz. of macaroni, 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, two eggs, half a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, salt, and cayenne to taste, 2 oz. of melted butter, and two spoonfuls of chopped ham; boil the macaroni twenty minutes, cut into small pieces, boil the milk, and pour on the breadcrumbs, and soak for five minutes, add the macaroni, eggs, melted butter, and ham, steam in a well-buttered basin for an hour, and serve with a thick brown gravy.

Veal Cutlets and Tomato Sauce

Remove the chine bone from the best end of veal, and let the meat simmer until tender. Place it until cold between two boards, remove all fat, cut the cutlets with a sharp knife, and scrape the bones. Coat each cutlet with mayonnaise and tomato sauce alternately. Place them down the centre of a silver entrée dish, and garnish with salad.

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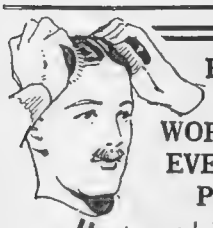

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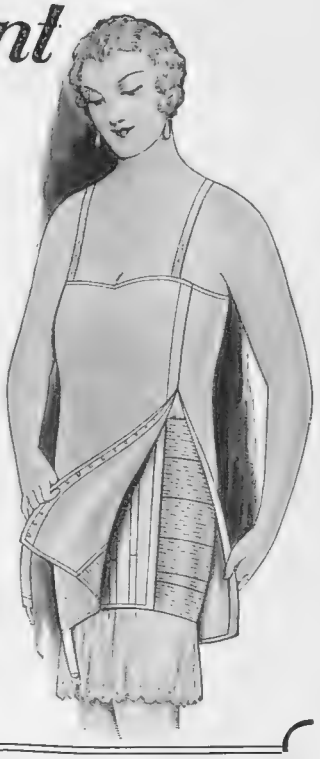

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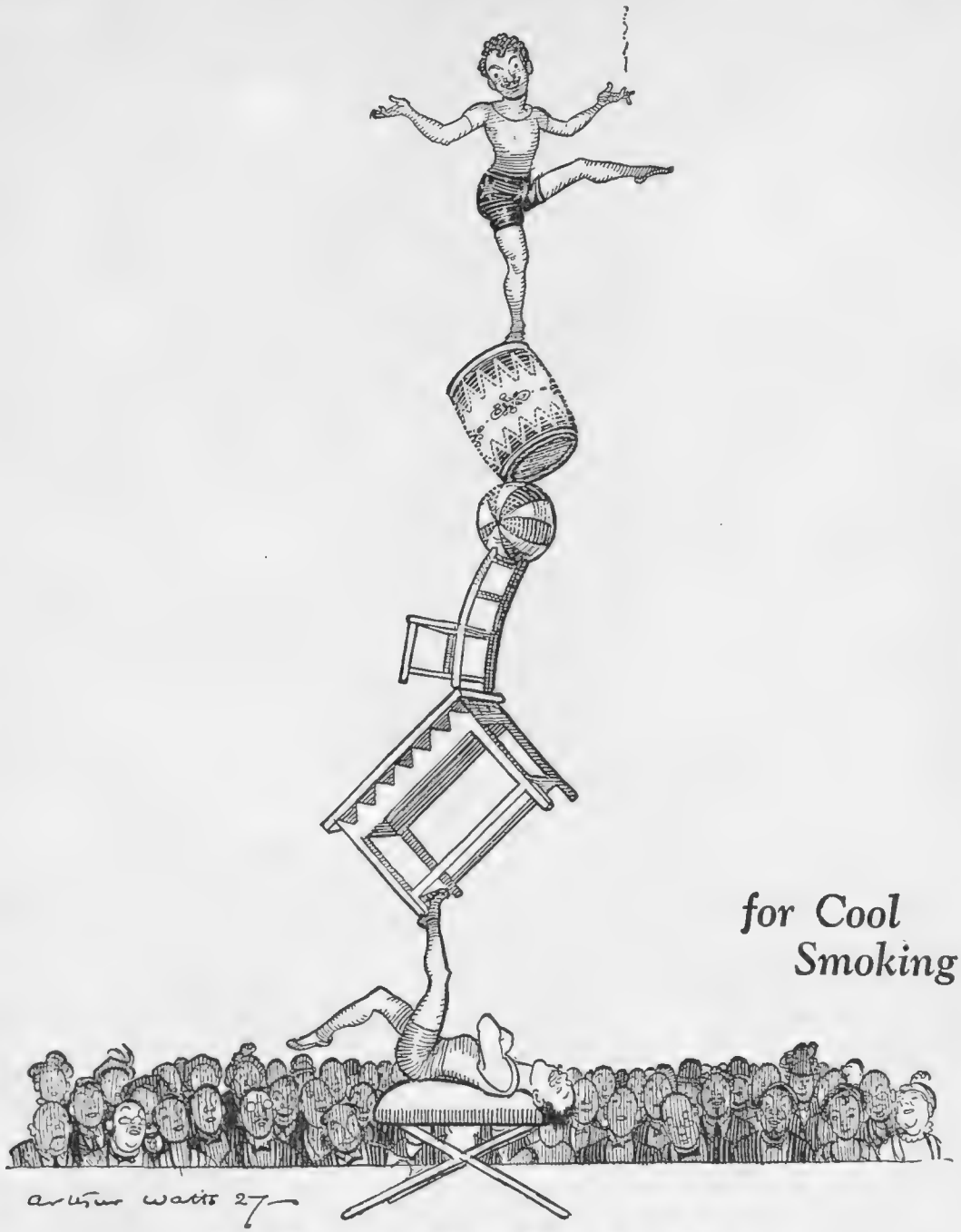

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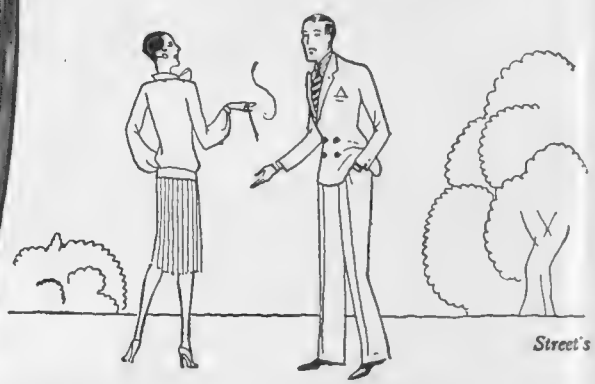

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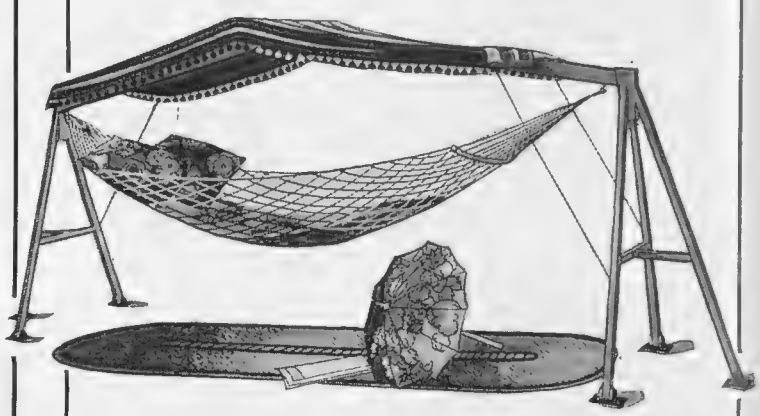

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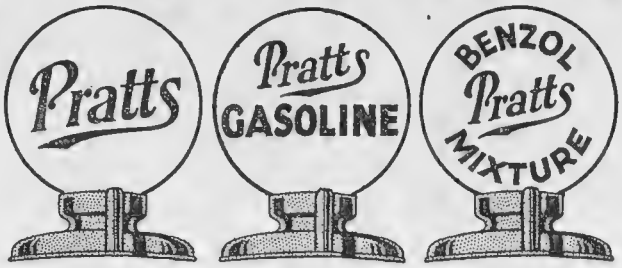

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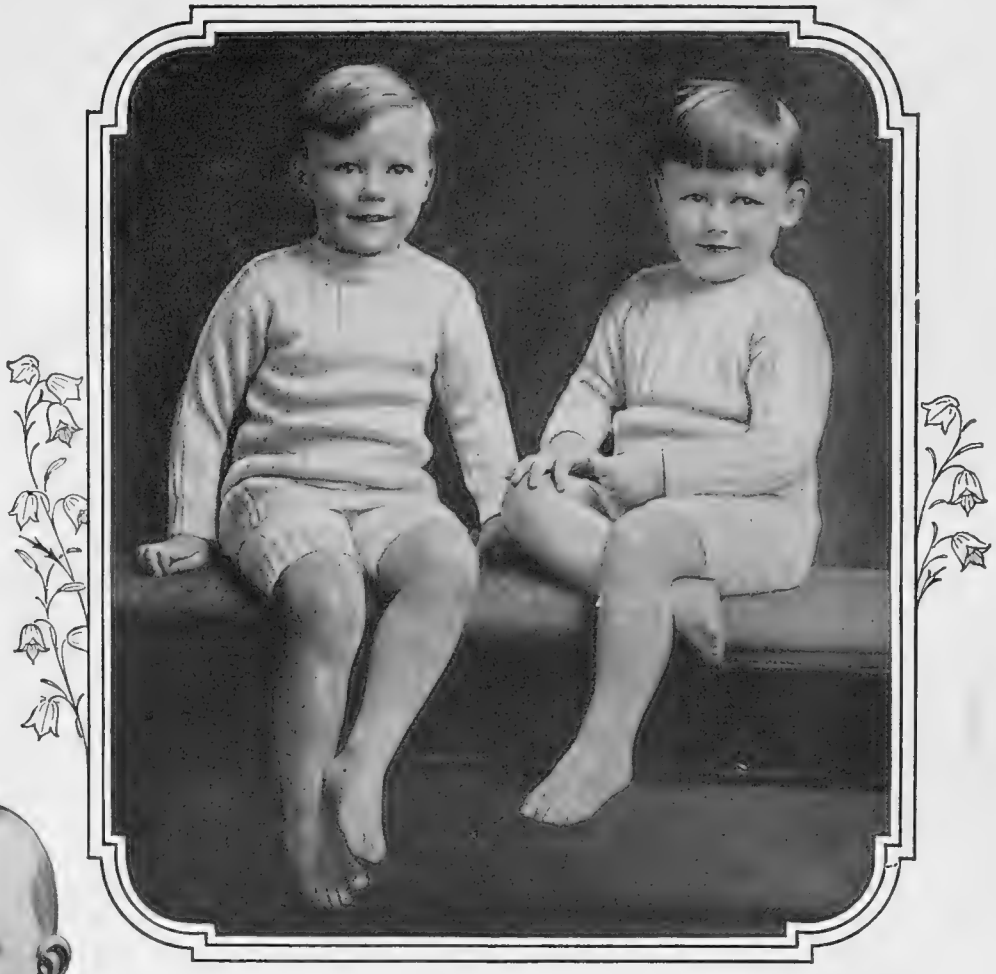

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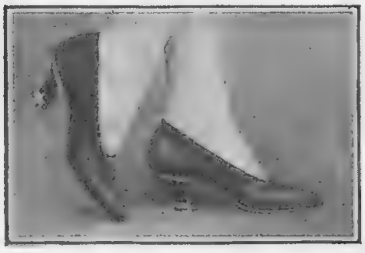

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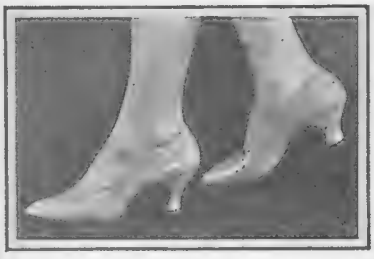

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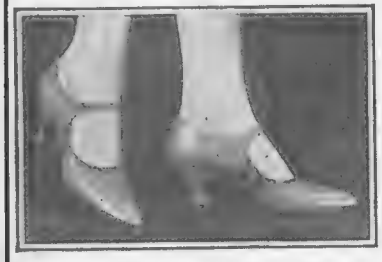

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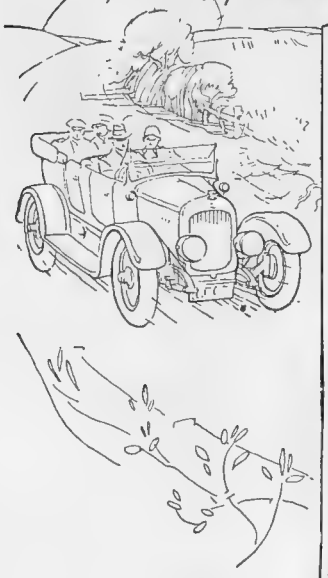

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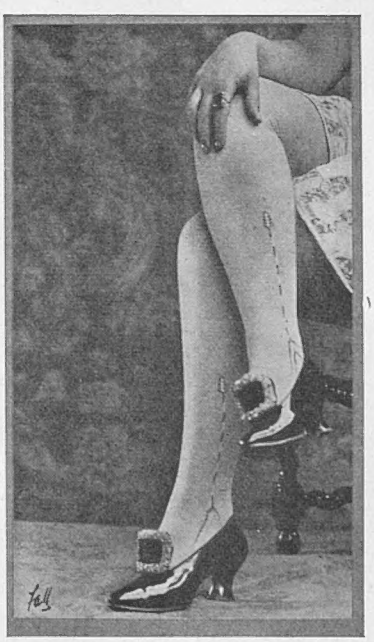

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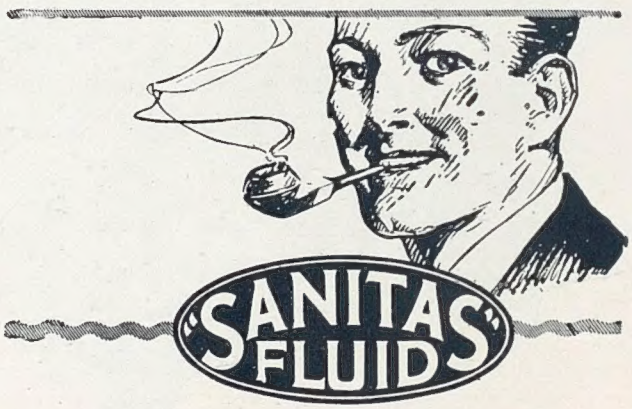

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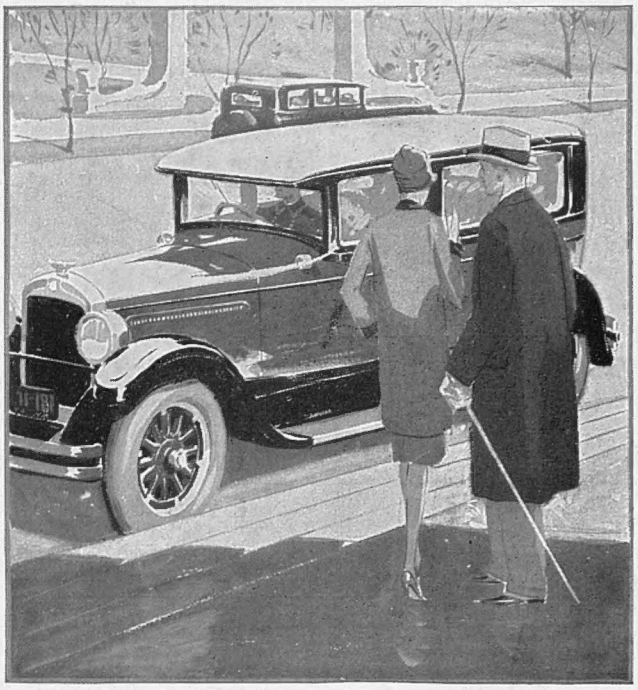

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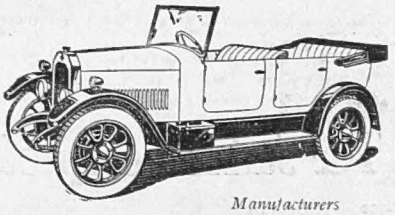

14/40 h.p. Open Tourers from **£295**

14/40 h.p. Coachbuilt Saloon **£425**

Manufacturers

SWIFT OF COVENTRY LIMITED, COVENTRY

London Showrooms: 133-5 Long Acre, W.C.2
(1 minute from Leicester Square Tube Station)

The Jockey fancied

The Jockey fancied, the Trainer offered, the Stable accepted, and the Owner backed

a certainty

—Erasmic Shaving Stick as an "Odds on" winner, guaranteed to beat the field for ease, economy, and simplicity in shaving. Trained to win, it gives complete satisfaction and wins by a chin—by a whole face—on performance and price.

The Trainer offered

ERASMIC
Shaving Stick

In blue tin 1/-
Also in nickel case 1/3

ERASMIC, PERFUMERS
LONDON

The stable accepted

and the Owner backed

ER 109-5-120

Printed for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, by The Cornwall Press Ltd., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Limited, at 6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4.—June 8, 1927.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.